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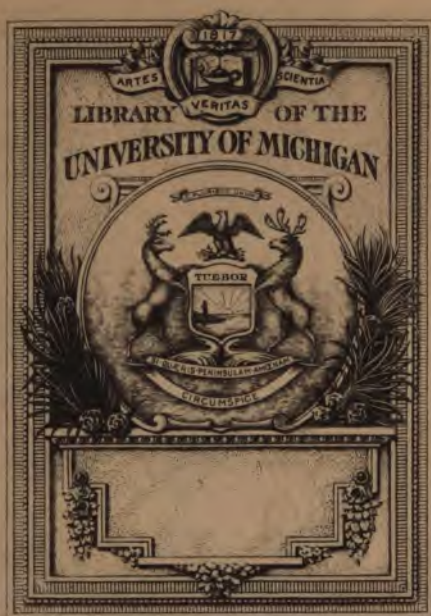
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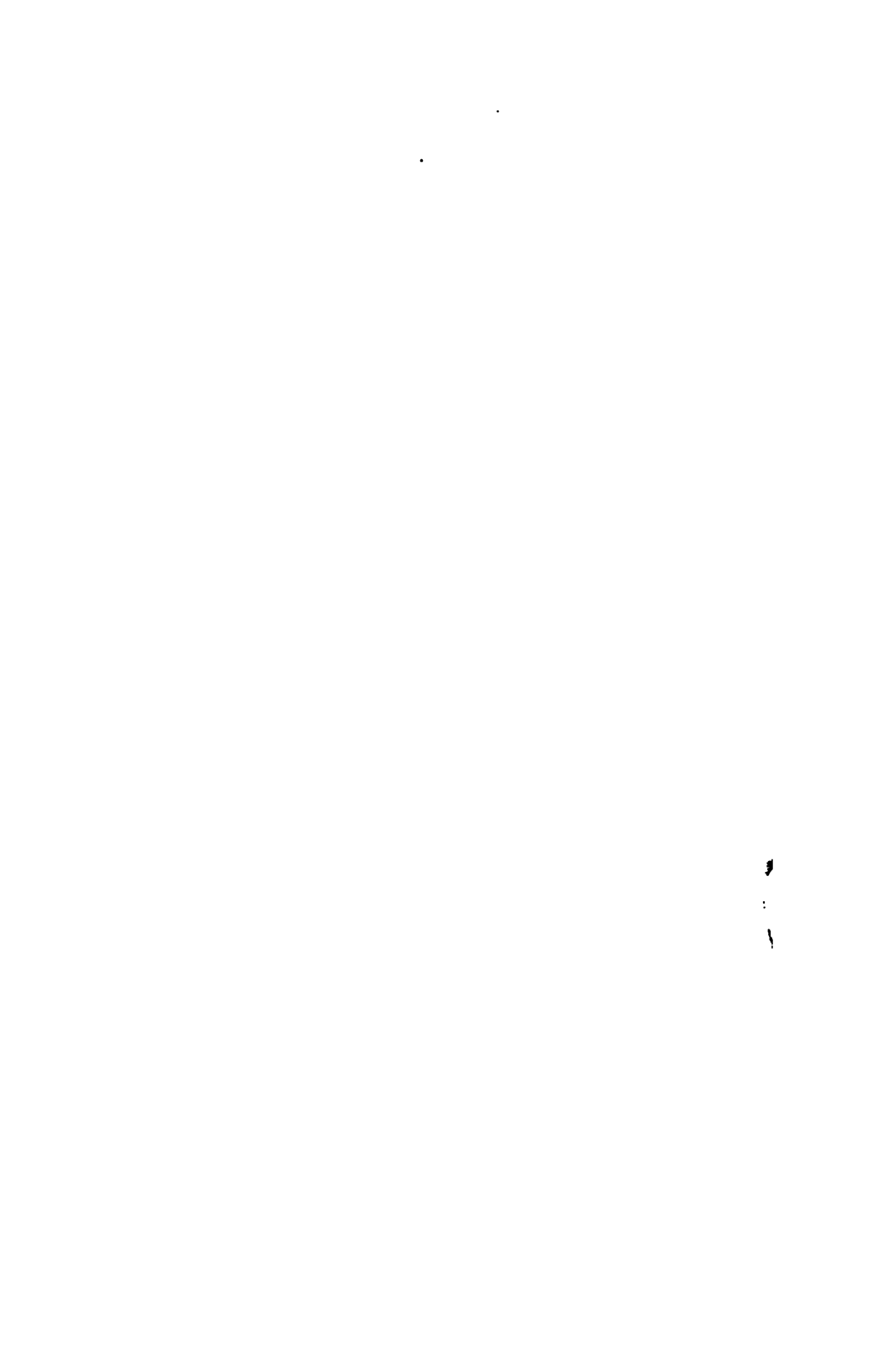


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LETTERS

CONCERNING

TASTE,

AND

ESSAYS

ON

SIMILAR AND OTHER SUBJECTS.



J. Wale del.

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LETTERS

CONCERNING

TASTE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ESSAYS.

ON

SIMILAR AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

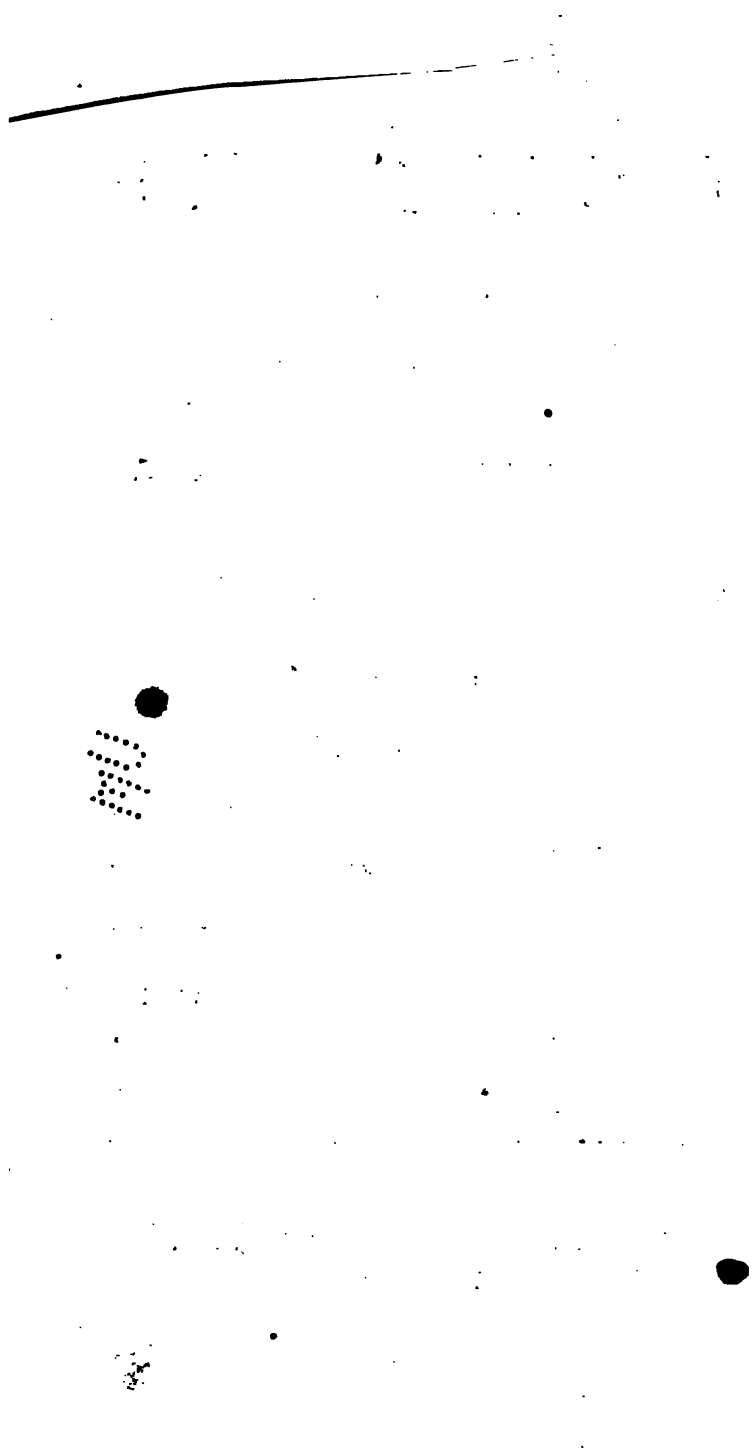
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ΝΙΩΤΕΡΟΥ. Longin. de Subl. Sect. xxxv.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF SOCRATES.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

MDCCLVII.



Gift
Tappan Presb. Ass.
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THE
EDITOR'S
ADVERTISEMENT
TO
THE THIRD EDITION.

THE two former Editions of
THE LETTERS CONCERNING
TASTE, having been some time out
of Print, and a Demand being still
made for them by the Publick, I
have prevailed on the Author to let
them pass the Press again, and to
subjoin a few Essays selected from
many others, on similar Subjects,
which were published some Years
ago in periodical Papers.

He did not intend at first that
either the LETTERS or the ESSAYS
should be known to be written by
him; but several of his Friends
having

ADVERTISEMENT.

having made the Discovery, and they and others, whom it was no small Credit to please, having expressed their Approbation he feared it might look like Affectation to conceal any longer how high a Regard he had for their favourable Opinion, and therefore, after an endeavour to make this Edition more correct than the former, he was induced to acknowledge them as his own.

CONTENTS. -

CONTENTS.

Letter To EUPHEMIUS. Page 1

- I. *A Good Taste an instantaneous Feeling of what is beautiful. Truth, Beauty, and Utility coincident; instanced in a view of a rural Prospect, in Architecture, in the mimetic Arts, and in Characters and in Manners. That Taste precedes the slower Faculties of the Reason, and those of Imagination, but is never repugnant to the former. Why God implanted this internal Perception in us.*

To the Same. p. 9.

- II. *That Beauty may receive some additional Charms, but these still consistent with Truth. What those Charms are, known by the Word Tasteful, by way of Distinction, in all Objects. Reducible upon Examination to an Analogy with pleasurable moral Ideas in the*

CONTENTS.

the human Mind. That the most faithful Disciples of Nature are the most admired Artists.

To the Same. p. 13.

Letter

- III. *Probable Conjectures to be made concerning a Man's Taste in Morals from his Taste of Objects in the Physical World. Why. Instances given.*

To the Same. p. 20.

- IV. *That Artists cannot avoid discovering their own Tempers in their Works, instanced in the remarkable Lives of RAPHAEL URBIN, MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI, and the Family of the BASSANS. How far Men are indebted to the Fair for a Delicacy of Taste, particularly RAPHAEL.*

To the Same. p. 27

- V. *That a fine Taste does not depend upon any one Branch of the human System, viz. not upon the intellectual Powers alone; nor upon the Organs of Sense alone; nor upon the Imagination alone; but*

C O N T E N T S.

but upon a happy Union of all three: Mr. ADDISON had an exquisite Taste, but no great Talents for Poetry. A beautiful Description in the ILIAD equalled by Mr. POPE's Translation. An Encomium on a Latin Poem, and a Criticism on the bad Taste of two Translators of the same.

Letter To the Same. p. 32.

VI. *An Opinion in the last Letter concerning Mr. ADDISON supported. A Criticism on two celebrated Passages in his Works, and Commendation of his Translations of OVID.*

To the Same. p. 41.

VII. *Poetry and Painting compared. Some Subjects peculiar to one, and some in common to both. The Superiority of the former to the latter. Night-Pieces of MILTON, HOMER, and SHAKESPEAR. The inimitable Taste and Excellence of the last in Description. Observations on a short Sketch of the Evening by HOMER. Part of an Ode to the Evening by Mr. COLLINS. His animating Group of Figures.*

b

To

C O N T E N T S.

Letter To the Same. p. 49.

VIII. *The bad Taste of many modern Artists in the choice of their Subjects. That every Art should regard its proper End, which is the Improvement of Mankind in moral Science. Proper Subjects pointed out. Pictures of INFANCY, YOUTH, MANHOOD, and OLD AGE. A beautiful Subject for the Pathetick in Painting. Where a good Taste in Morals prevails, a good Taste in Nature and the Arts will accompany it.*

To the Same. p. 57.

IX. *The wretched Taste for Architecture, and domestic Ornaments, that prevails about LONDON. MUCIO's Palace a contemptible Heap of tasteless Magnificence.*

To EUGENIO. p. 62.

X. *How Sir JOHN DAVIES, in his Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, accounts for the Spirits of Sense, i. e. TASTE. A true Relish for proper Means to procure Happiness dependent upon a correctness of Fancy. EUGENIO warned*

C O N T E N T S.

*warned against the Delusion of a false
one by an ARABIAN Story.*

Letter To EUPHEMIUS. p. 67.

XI. *Nothing corrupts a good Taste more than frequently reading the Italian Poets. A Criticism on the Aminta and Pastor Fido. Some Passages in both censured for bad Taste. MILTON'S Comus, and FLETCHER'S Faithful Shepherdess, much superior to the two Italian dramatic Pastorals. Some Passages cited from the Faithful Shepherdess.*

To PHILEMON. p. 76.

XII. *Concerning the Ruins of PALMYRA. The great Assiduity of Mr. DAWKINS and Mr. WOOD applauded. Their Taste an Honour to our Country. A Conjecture that the Temple of the Sun was built by LONGINUS, from a similarity of Taste in other Arts. A Criticism upon the Use of the CORINTHIAN Order only in that City. A Reason why that Order was so much admired there. A Passage in LONGINUS'S Treatise on the Sublime*

C O N T E N T S.

cited, describing the Progress of Wealth to Luxury, and of Luxury to a Corruption of Taste in Morals. A national Corruption of Taste in Morals always productive of a bad one in Arts, &c.

Letter To LEONORA. p. 83.

XIII. *Congratulations on her Marriage with ARISTUS. That a Taste for Elegance in the lesser Concerns of Life is necessary to retain the Affections of a Husband, as well as the more essential Duties. A Fable concerning CUPID, PSYCHE, and TASTE.*

To the Same. p. 89.

XIV. *Taste for conjugal Joys expressed in an old Song written by a Bridegroom.*

To EUPHEMIUS. p. 94.

XV. *A Censure on that common, false, tasteless Remark, that we have now no Poets. An Eulogium on Dr. AKINSIDE, Mr. GRAY, Mr. NUGENT, Mr. COLLINS, and Mr. MASON, and others. Their Taste and Genius in their respective Compositions, superior*

C O N T E N T S.

*perior to the ROMANS in the same
Species of Poetry, and equal to the
GRECIANS.*

Letter To PHILETHES. p. 99.

XVI. *The wretched Taste of playing Tragedy till GARRICK restored Nature to her lawful Empire on the Stage. A Criticism on a Line in Horace, misunderstood by the generality of Commentators. A Comparison of GARRICK with the Roman ROSCIUS. The Effect a well regulated Theatre has upon the Taste of a whole Nation.*

To EUGENIO. p. 106.

XVII. *EUPHEMIUS's happy Taste in Conversation. This Talent described by Shakespear in the Character of Biron. HOMER and DRYDEN use the same Expression in describing the Grace of speaking. A refined Taste herein acquired by Conversation with Women instanced in a Comparison betwixt VOITURE and BALSAC, whose Writings are here contrasted.*

To

C O N T E N T S.

Letter To ARISTUS. p. 101.

XVIII. *The graceful Manner of conferring a Benefit as much admired in the Character of AGATHOCLES as the Deed of Charity itself. An emblematical Prelude of the beneficent Reign of OMAR, an Emperor of the Saracens. That without a tasteful and tender Address in relieving the Distressed, Munificence may encrease their Misery: instanced in the remarkable Fate of PANDOLFO MALATESTA Sovereign of REMINI. That Nature herself will suggest this lenient Art to those who have Souls truly benevolent.*

To CRITOPHILUS. p. 118.

XIX. *What Address and Taste of Composition is required in Works of Criticism. Able Scholars have miscarried for want of this proper Delicacy: instanced in Mr. ANTHONY BLACKWALL's Introduction to the Classics. A Criticism on Passages extracted from that Work, as Specimens of false Taste and aukward Composition. — The revival of true Criticism*

C O N T E N T S.

Criticism in the Writings of those three celebrated Geniuses, the Author of Reflections Critiques sur la Peinture et la Poësie; the Author of the Enquiry into the Life and Writings of HOMER; and the Author of the Notes and Commentary on HORACE's two critical Epistles. What their Excellence consists in.

TO EUPHEMIUS. p. 126.

Letter

XX. *Amythological Genealogy of TASTE.*

CONTEMPLATION *was the Daughter of JUPITER, (who sprung from his Brain, like PALLAS) by whom APOLLO had a Son named EUDOXUS [i. e. true Knowledge] who begot CALOCAGATHIA, or TASTE, on one of the GRACES.*

ESSAY

CONTENTS of the ESSAYS.

E S S A Y I.

On E D U C A T I O N. p. 137.

E S S A Y II.

On the P O W E R *of* H A B I T. p. 145.

E S S A Y III.

On G O O D *and* B E A U T Y. p. 160.

E S S A Y IV.

On S E L F - L O V E. *A Fable.* p. 169.

E S S A Y V.

On T R U E *and* F A L S E R E L I G I O N. p. 176.

E S S A Y VI.

On F R I E N D S H I P. p. 191.

E S S A Y VII.

On C O N J U G A L L O V E. p. 197.

E S S A Y VIII.

On S O L I T U D E *and* S O C I E T Y. p. 204.

E S S A Y IX.

On C O N T E N T M E N T. *A Fable.* p. 212.



L E T T E R S

C O N C E R N I N G

T A S T E.

L E T T E R I.

T O E U P H E M I U S.

WHENCE comes it, EUPHEMIUS, that you, who are *feelingly* alive to each fine Sensation that Beauty or Harmony gives the Soul, should so often assert, contrary to what you daily experience, *that TASTE is governed by Caprice, and that BEAUTY is reducible to no Criterion?* I am afraid your Generosity in this Instance is greater than your Sincerity, and that you are willing to compliment the circle of your Friends, in giving up by this Concession

B

that

that envied Superiority you might claim over them, should it be acknowledged that those uncommon Emotions of Pleasure, which arise in your Breast upon the Observation of moral or natural Elegance, were caused by a more ready and intimate Perception of that universal TRUTH, which the all-perfect CREATOR of this harmonious System ordained to be the VENUS of every Object, whether in the Material World; in the imitative Arts; or in living Characters and Manners. How irreconcilable are your Doctrines to the Example you afford us! However, since you press me to justify your Practice against your Declarations, by giving a Definition of what is meant by TASTE, I shall not avoid the invidious Office of pointing out your superior Excellence to others, by proving that TRUTH and BEAUTY are coincident, and that the warmest Admirers of these CELESTIAL TWINS, have consequently Souls more nearly allied to ætherial Spirits of a higher Order. The effect of a *good* TASTE is that instantaneous Glow of Pleasure which thrills thro' our whole Frame, and seizes upon the Applause

L E T T E R I. 3

plause of the Heart, before the intellectual Power, Reason, can descend from the Throne of the Mind to ratify it's Approbation, either when we receive into the Soul beautiful Images thro' the Organs of bodily Senses; or the Decorum of an amiable Character thro' the Faculties of moral Perception; or when we recall, by the imitative Arts, both of them thro' the intermediate Power of the Imagination. Nor is this delightful and immediate Sensation to be excited in an undistemp'ered Soul, but by a Chain of Truths, dependent upon one another till they terminate in the hand of the Divine COMPOSER of the whole. Let us cast our Eyes first upon the Objects of the Material World. A rural Prospect upon the very first Glance yields a grateful Emotion in the Breast, when in a Variety of Scenes there arises from the whole ONE Order, whose different Parts will be found, by the critical Eye of Contemplation, to relate mutually to one another, and each examined apart, to be productive of the Necessaries, the Conveniencies, and Emoluments of Life. Suppose you was to

behold from an Eminence, thro' a small range of Mountains covered with Woods, several little Streams gushing out of Rocks, some gently trickling over Pebbles, others tumbling from a Precipice, and a few gliding smoothly in Willow-shaded Rivulets thro' green Meadows, till their tributary Waters are all collected by some River God of a larger Urn, who at some few Miles distance is lost in the Ocean, which heaves it's broad Bosom to the Sight, and ends the Prospect with an immense Expanse of Waters. Tell me, EUPHEMIUS, would not such a Scene captivate the Heart even before the intellectual Powers discover Minerals in the Mountains; future Navies in the Woods; Civil and Military Architecture in the Rocks; healing Qualities in the smaller Streams; Fertility, that the larger Waters distribute along their serpentining Banks; Herbage for Cattle in the Meadows; and lastly, the more easy Opportunities the River affords us to convey to other Climates the Superfluities of our own, for which the Ocean brings us back in Exchange what we stand in need of from theirs. Now to heighten this

this beautiful Landscape, let us throw in Corn Fields, here and there a Country Seat, and, at proper Distances, small Hamlets, together with Spires and Towers, as MILTON describes them,

“ bosom’d high in tufted Trees.”

Does not an additional Rapture flow in from this Adjunct, of which Reason will afterwards discover the latent Cause in the same manner as before. Your favourite Architecture will not fail to afford less remarkable Instances, that Truth, Beauty, and Utility are inseparable. You very well know that every Rule, Canon, and Proportion in building did not arise from the capricious Invention of Man, but from the unerring Dictates of Nature, and that even what are now the ornamental Parts of an Edifice, originally were created by Necessity; and are still displeasing to the Sight, when they are disobedient, if I may use that moral Expression, to the Order, which Nature, whose Laws cannot be repealed, first gave to supply that Necessity. Here I appeal to your own Breast; and let me continue the Appeal by asking you concerning another Science analogous to

this, which is founded upon as invariable Principles: I mean the Science of living well, in which you are as happily learned as in the former. Say then, has not every amiable Character, with which you have been enamoured, been proved by a cool Examination to contain a *beautiful* Proportion, in the Point it was placed in, relative to Society? And what is it that constitutes Moral Deformity, or what we call Vice, but the Disproportion which any Agent occasions, in the Fabric of Civil Community, by a Non-compliance to the general *Order* which should prevail in it?

As the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry are imitative of these, their Excellence, as ARISTOTLE observes, consists in Faithfulness to their Original: nor have they any *primary* Beauty in themselves, but derive their shadowy Existence in a mimetic Transcript from Objects in the Material World, or from Passions, Characters, and Manners. Nevertheless that *internal Sense* we call TASTE (which is a Herald for the whole human System, in its three different Parts, the refined Faculties of Perception, the gross Organs of
Sense,

Sense, and the intermediate Powers of Imagination) has as quick a Feeling of this secondary Excellence of the Arts, as for the primary Graces; and seizes the Heart with Rapture long before the Senses, and Reason in Conjunction, can *prove* this Beauty by collating the Imitations with their Originals.

If it should be asked *why* external Objects affect the human Breast in this Manner, I would answer, that the ALMIGHTY has in this, as well as in all his other Works, out of his abundant Goodness and Love to his Creatures, so *attuned* our Minds to Truth, that all Beauty from without should make a responsive Harmony vibrate within. But should any of those more curious Gentlemen, who busy themselves with Enquiries into Matters, which the Deity, for Reasons known only to himself, has placed above our limited Capacities, demand *how* he has so formed us, I should refer them, with proper Contempt, to their more aged Brethren, who may justly in Derision be stiled *the Philosophers of ultimate Causes*. To you, my dear Friend, whose truly philosophical

and religious Taste concludes that whatever God ordains is right, it is sufficient to have proved that *Truth* is the Cause of all *Beauty*, and that Truth flows from the Fountain of all Perfection, in whose unfathomable Depth finite Thought should never venture with any other Intention than to wonder and adore. But I find I have been imperceptibly led on from Thought to Thought, not only to trespass upon the common Stile of a Letter, by these abstruse Reasonings and religious Conclusions, but upon the ordinary length of one likewise; therefore shall conclude by complimenting my own Taste in Characters, when I assure you that I am,

Your most affectionate Friend, &c.

L E T-

L • E T T E R I I.

To the S A M E.

IT gave me no small Pleasure to find, by your Answer to my last Letter, that you now allow BEAUTY to be the Daughter of TRUTH; and I in my turn will make a Concession to you, by confessing that BEAUTY herself may have *acquired* Charms, but then they are altogether such as are consistent with her divine Extraction. What you observe is very true, that the human Form (the most glorious Object, as you are pleased to call it, in the Creation) let it be made with the most accurate Symmetry and Proportion, may receive *additional* Charms from Education, and steal more subtly upon the Soul of the Beholder from some adventitious Circumstances of easy Attitudes or Motion, and an undefineable Sweetness of Countenance, which an habitual Commerce with the more refined Part of Mankind superadds to the Work of Nature. This the ancient *Grecian* Artists would have represented mythologically in Painting by the GRACES crowning VENUS. We find how

I much

much LELY has availed himself in his shadowy Creations of transcribing from Life this adventitious Charm into all his Portraits. I mean, when he *stole* upon his *animated Canvas*, as POPE poetically expresses it,

“ The sleepy Eye that spoke the melting Soul.”

You will ask me, perhaps, how I can prove any Alliance in this particular Circumstance of a single Feature to Truth ; Or rather triumphantly push the Argument farther, and say, Is not this additional Charm, as you call it, inconsistent with the Divine Original of Beauty, since it deadens the fiery Lustre of that penetrating Organ ? I chuse to draw my Answer from the Schools of the antient ETHOGRAPHI, who by their enchanting Art so happily conveyed, thro' the Sight, the Lessons of Moral Philosophy. These Sages would have told you, that our Souls are attuned to one another, like the Strings of musical Instruments, and that the Chord of one being struck, the *Unison* of another, tho' untouched, will vibrate to it. The Passions therefore of the human Heart,
expressed

expressed either in the living Countenance, or the mimetic Strokes of Art, will affect the Soul of the Beholder with a similar and responsive Disposition. What wonder then is it that Beauty, borrowing thus the Look of softening Love, whose Power can lull the most watchful of the Senses, should cast that sweet *Nepenthe* upon our Hearts, and enchant our corresponding Thoughts to rest in the Embraces of Desire? Sure then I am, that you will always allow Love to be the Source and End of our Being, and consequently consistent with Truth. It is the Superaddition of such Charms to Proportion, which is called *Taste* in Musick, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, Gardening and Architecture. By which is generally meant that happy Assemblage which excites in our Minds, by Analogy, some pleasurable Image. Thus, for Instance, even the Ruins of an old Castle properly disposed, or the Simplicity of a rough hewn Hermitage in a Rock, enliven a Prospect, by recalling the Moral Images of *Valor* and *Wisdom*; and I believe no Man will contend, that *Valor* exerted in the Defence of
 one's

one's Country, or Wisdom contemplating in Retirement for the Welfare of Mankind, are not truly amiable Images, belonging to the Divine Family of Truth. I think I have now reconciled our two favorite Opinions, by proving that these *additional* Charms, if they must be called so, have their Origin in Nature as much as Proportion itself.—I am very glad the Prints I sent afforded you so much Pleasure, not only as I wish every thing which comes from me may be favorably received by you, but as they are likewise a Confirmation of my Arguments; for the Man who drew them is no very great Artist, but being a faithful Disciple of Nature, having delineated every Object in a *Camera Obscura*, he has not failed of gaining the uncontested Applause, which the Followers of that unerring Mistress will ever receive from Mankind. My EUDOCIA calls me to administer with her Comfort to a little fatherless Family in the District of our Hamlet, therefore must conclude myself,

Your sincere Friend, &c.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R I I I .

To the S A M E .

Y O U have often heard me make true Conjectures concerning a Man's Taste in Morals, from the Choice of his Pictures or the Disposition of his Gardens. This you at first thought a little whimsical, till repeated Observation and Experience confirmed, what I advanced in a former Letter to you, that the same *internal Sense* tastes for the three different Powers in human Nature ; and from hence arises that Correspondence betwixt the *Senses*, *Imagination*, and *Understanding* of the same Person. I had once an Opportunity of observing, in some little Excursions I made a few Years ago, from a celebrated Place in the North of ENGLAND, with a mixed Company, how variously the different Places we saw affected every Man in our Party according to the natural Turn of his Temper. We had among us an Inamorato, much given to reading Romances, who dwelt with uncommon Rapture

ture on a little rural Place called *H—*, where, it is said, the famous Sir PHILIP SIDNEY composed his *Arcadia*. Here Enthusiasm seized our romantic Lover, whilst the rest of our Company felt only the calm Sensation of Pleasure. Nor was it long before it came in my turn to be not *touched* but *rapt*, and to *feel* that ætherial Glow of Admiration, at the Sight of a neighbouring Villa to SCARBOROUGH. You know I love the Comforts of domestic Life and the Charms of Contemplation in Retirement; and rather would enjoy the Heart-ennobling Transport which the Discovery of any thing beneficial to Mankind, or one charitable Action could give me, than the *supposed* Glories which all the Royal Robbers of the World ever plundered from their Species. From this Temper of Mind, mixed with an Admiration of antient Manners and antient Mythology, you will not wonder that a Place, which answers in Miniature to ÆLIAN's ravishing Description of TEMPE, should thus warmly affect me. The Place I mean is called *E— Lodge*. It is a small convenient House, built in the *Tuf-*
can

can Order, at the Foot of two little Hills,
covered with Woods and flowering Shrubs,
which for a considerable Way attend the
serpentizing Course of a clear cool Rivu-
let, as if they meant to shade and protect
with their Branches the Stream which
runs in the Valley betwixt them. I
could not refrain from bursting forth, in
a kind of poetical Extasy, in the Words
of our admired Poet,

“ Here gliding thro’ his Daughter’s honor’d Shades,
“ The smooth *Peneus* from his glassy Flood,
“ Reflects purpureal *Tempe*’s pleasant Scene.
“ Fair *Tempe*, Haunt below’d of Sylvan Powers,
“ Of Nymphs, and Fauns, here in the golden Age
“ They play’d in secret on the shady Bank
“ With ancient *Pan* : while round their choral Steps
“ Young Hours and genial Gales with constant Hand,
“ Show’r’d Odors, Blossoms, show’r’d ambrosial Dews,
“ And Spring’s *Elysian* Bloom *.

Believe me, EUPHEMIUS, the ancient *Co-
rybantes*, when they heard the sacred
Flutes in their religious Mysteries, could
not feel or express more Rapture than I
did. Retrospection had carried me on
the Wings of Imagination two thousand

* *Akinfide*’s Pleasures of Imagination, Book I.

Years back, and had placed me in the delightful Regions of *Thessaly* * / I know the sympathising

* I dare say the Reader will not be displeased to have ÆLIAN's Description of ancient TEMPE, which the Author mentions above, laid before him, in the elegant Translation of that ingenious Gentlemen, who favoured the Public a few Years ago with an *English Commentary and Notes on HORACE's Epistle to Augustus, and a Discourse on Poetical Imitation*. "The *Thessalian* TEMPE is a Place, "situate between *Olympus* and *Ossa*; which are Mountains of an exceeding great Height; and look, as if they had once been joined, but were afterwards separated from each other, by some God, for the sake of "Opening in the midst that large Plain, which stretches "in Length to about five Miles, and in Breadth, a hundred Paces, or, in some Parts more. Thro' the middle of this Plain runs the *Peneus*, into which several lesser Currents empty themselves, and by the Confluence of their Waters, swell into a River of great Size. This "Vale is abundantly furnished with all manner of *Arbors and resting Places*; not such as the Arts of human Industry contrive, but with the Bounty of spontaneous Nature; ambitious, as it were, to make a Shew of all her Beauties, provided for the Supply of this fair Residence, in the very original Structure and Formation of the Place. For there is plenty of Ivy shooting forth in it, which flourishes and grows so thick, that, like the generous and leafy Vine, it crawls up the Trunks of tall Trees, and twisting it's Foliage round their Arms and Branches, becomes almost incorporated with them. The flowering *Smilax* also is there in great Abundance; which running up the Acclivities of the Hills, and spreading the close Texture of it's Leaves and Tendrils on all Sides, perfectly covers and shades them; so that no Part of the bare Rock is seen; but the whole is hung with the Verdure of a thick, interwoven Herbage, presenting the most agreeable Spectacle to the Eye. Along the level of the Plain, there are fre-

"quent

sympathizing Warmth of your Imagination, therefore shall leave you to fancy the rest for me. However such were my Expressions of Pleasure upon the Occasion, that several of our Company, who had not an *Unison* of Soul, began to regard my Enthusiasm with a cool air of Derision. The next Day's Journey however afforded me an Opportunity of making Reprisals, and to pity many of our Party for the joyful Astonishment with which they were struck by the aukward Magnificence of unmeaning Grandeur.

“quent Tufts of Trees and long continued Ranges
 “of arching Bowers, affording the most grateful Shelter from the Heats of Summer; which are further relieved by the frequent Streams of clear and
 “fresh Water, continually winding through it. The Tradition goes that these Waters are peculiarly good for
 “Bathing, and have many other Medicinal Virtues. In the Thickets and Bushes of this Dale, are numberless
 “Singing Birds every where fluttering about, whose Warblings take the Ear of Passengers, and cheat the
 “Labours of their Way through it. On the Banks of the *Penew*, on either Side, are dispersed irregularly,
 “those *resting Places*, before spoken of; while the River itself glides through the middle of the Lawn, with a
 “soft and quiet course; overhung with the Shades of Trees, planted on it's Borders, whose intermingled
 “Branches keep off the Sun, and furnish the Opportunity of a cool and temperate Navigation upon it. The
 “Worship of the Gods, and the perpetual Fragrancy of Sacrifices and burning Odors, further consecrate the
 “Place,” &c. [Var. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 1.]

C

You

You know *the* MANY among Mankind are affected only by *prodigious Actions* and *Deeds of HEROISM* in the Moral World, and, according to my Observation, have consequently a correspondent Relish for the Great and Wonderful in the Physical; ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, and PYRRHUS are their adored Images in the one; and *Castles, Mausoleums, Pyramids, Mountains, immense Plains, and Cataracts* in the other. How natural then was it for those who could pass over the Paradise of our *English* TEMPE without Emotion, to gape their silent Wonder at *H—-Castle*! I desire you would minutely observe, the next time you take a mixed Company into your elegant Collection of Pictures, and read their Characters by the choice of their Pieces. The Revengeful will find great Excellence in your APOLLO fleeing the unfortunate MARSYAS; the Man, who is subject to be discomposed by violent Passions, will select out one of *Vandervelt's* Storms to amuse himself with; and the Eyes of those who are ennobled by filial Piety and the delightful Sympathy of Pity, will drop a
Tear

Tear of Pleasure over your *Roman Charity*. If the Weather will permit I propose to be with you at —— next Month, but wherever I am, you will always be present with me. Adieu, my dear EUPHEMIUS, and do me the Justice to think, I am,

Your most sincere Friend, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

To the S A M E.

INDEED, EUPHEMIUS, the Compliments you are pleased to pay me upon the Observations I made in my last Letter to you concerning Analogy, would not fail to enflame my Vanity, did not I very well know that you view every thing, which comes from me, through the magnifying Medium of Friendship. This Reflection, it is true, lessens the Satisfaction which would flow from a Consciousness of Merit, but at the same time augments my Happiness another Way, by informing my Heart how deep an Interest I have in yours. You tell me that upon Recollection, you know of no living Artist whose Life does not greatly correspond to his Performances ; and that you have read of very few of the Dead, whose Works do not shadow forth, by this Analogy, the general Cast of their Moral Conduct *. HOMER, we are told by

* VOLTAIRE has the following remarkable Passage concerning the Character and Writings of the Cardinal De
the

the very ingenious and learned Author of his Life, had personally accompanied his Fancy wherever she roved upon the Face of the Earth, and I make no Doubt such was the restless Activity of his Soul, that he ardently wished to spurn this dull Globe, and soar to the Seats of his Immortals. To contrast his Character, we need only cast our Eyes on his poetical Disciple VIRGIL, whose modest Majesty in private Life bore so great a Resemblance to all his Compositions. But Monsr. DE PILES, the ingenious Author of the Lives of the Painters, will furnish us with some remarkable Examples to this Purpose. I dare say you have often observed, that several Pieces of MICHAEL ANGELO's, which you have seen in ITALY, tho' finished in a *grand gout*, and with a vast Extent of Genius, want that Purity, Softness, and Elegance, which afford so much Pleasure in the Works of several much inferior Painters. There is a Fierceness in the Looks, and a Wildness in the

RETZ. Cet homme singulier s'est peint lui-meme dans ses memoires, ecrits avec un air de grandeur, une impetuosité de genie, et une inegalité, qui sont l'Image de sa conduite. Dans le siecle de Louis XIV, vol. i. p. 61.

Attitudes of all his Figures, which, tho' they are indeed correct, and agreeable to Nature in some Moods, and cannot be condemned by the Judgment, are by no Means agreeable to the Eye; and tho' they fully satisfy the Understanding, never captivate the Heart. You might observe at the same time, on the contrary, that RAPHAEL's, in his first Manner, for want of the Use of the *Chiaro Oscuro*, had not that Prominency, nor seemed to come out from the Canvas so boldly as those of his Rival; that he was rather deficient in Colouring, and preserved too great a Sameness in the Drapery of all his Figures; yet nevertheless blending the Elegance of the Antique and the Simplicity of Nature together, and spreading that undefineable *Grace*, which was so bounteously bestowed upon him, over every Piece, he seizes at once upon the warm Applause of the Heart by an irresistible Force, and the Judgment fearfully suspends the Exercise of her Faculties over the seeming Deficiencies at a distance, as if each Stroke was the immediate Inspiration of Heaven, and there was nothing left

left for the human Mind to do, but to wonder and adore. Now if we look into the Lives of these two eminent Painters, we shall observe in them a corresponding Similarity to the different Defects and Excellencies in their respective Performances. The first, MICHAEL ANGELO, lived in the most recluse manner, was strict even to the greatest Severity in his Morals, and gave himself entirely up to the Cultivation of the Arts he professed. Notwithstanding, all his Actions were blameless, nay rather commendable, when examined only by the Rules of Moral Rectitude; yet wanting that Ease and gentle Deportment, which an habitual Intercourse with Mankind imperceptibly gives us, he was so displeasing in Conversation that he was avoided at last by every Acquaintance; and, whilst RAPHAEL's House was crowded with Friends and Disciples, the World willingly left him to the Enjoyment of his beloved Solitude. RAPHAEL, on the contrary, was a Man of the World, violently addicted by his Constitution to Pleasure, but more particularly to the Love of Women, insomuch

that having, we are told, one Day abandoned himself to the Enjoyment of several, he was taken ill of a burning Fever, and, concealing the Cause of his Distemper from the Physicians, he was carried off in the thirty-seventh Year of his Age, to the unspeakable Grief of all who knew the Man, or admired the Artist. Notwithstanding these human Infirmities, he possessed such a natural and acquired Sweetness of Temper, and Complacency in Behaviour, so analogous * to that undefinable Grace in his Painting, that he was universally beloved by all who knew him, and the severest Moralist was charmed with his Conversation tho' he condemned

* The dark gloomy Colouring we find in the Pieces of the BASSANS, arose from the Horror of their distempered Imaginations,

— “ That surly Spirit Melancholy

“ Had bak'd their Blood and made it heavy Thick.”

SHAKESPEAR'S *K. John*.

Therefore they made choice of such Objects to paint, as were responsive to the internal Shade in their Minds, particularly Night-Pieces, where their Souls poured forth their unconstrained Dispositions upon the Canvas, and indulged in beloved Darknefs. Whenever they were, against their Choice, employed upon other Subjects, the strong Shades lowered upon every Landscape, and even the chearful Light of the Sun itself was greatly obscured, by Geniuses which naturally delighted in his Absence.

his

his Conduct *. I cannot help observing in this place, and I hope it is not foreign to the Subject, that frequent Conversation with Women harmonizes the Souls of Men, and gives them that enchanting Grace, which has so often delighted us both in the Address of several of our Acquaintance, not very eminent for their Virtues or Understanding. I am of Opinion, it was this constant Idea of Delicacy and Softness, collected from an habitual Intercourse with these fair Polishers of our Sex, and united into one complicated Form of Beauty, which, playing perpetually in the Soul of RAPHAEL, diffused itself thro' his Pencil over all his Works; and thro' his Looks, Deportment, and Tongue, over all his Words and Actions. Such, by the Appointment of Heaven, has ever been, and ever will be the Power of these amiable Creatures!—I have so much Vanity to think you will read the latter part of this Letter to AMELIA, that every one, who esteems you, may in a

* In the two Characters of MICHAEL ANGELO, and RAPHAEL, this Observation of *Quintilian's* was verified,

"In quibusdam virtutes non habent gratiam, in quibusdem vitia ipsa delectant." Lib. ii. cap. 3.

great

great measure hereafter seem to pay her a kind of an indirect Compliment. She has often told me, you know, that I am one of the loyalest Subjects the Sex ever had, and, I dare say, will not be displeased with this fresh Proclamation of their Dominion. You may add farther, that I think Women are the Fountains from whence flow the blended Streams of Taste and Pleasure, and that the Draught of Life is more or less sweet as they are mingled in the Cup. Adieu.

L E T-

L E T T E R V.

To the S A M E.

Y O U seem to think, EUPHEMIUS, that I contradicted in Conversation the other Day, in a great Measure what I advanced in a former Letter to you, by allowing CRONOPHILUS to be a Man of a strong Understanding and great Erudition, and yet at the same time asserting he had little or no *Taste*. But according to my Observation, what I wrote, and what I said, are very reconcileable. For *Taste* does not *wholly* depend upon the natural Strength and acquired Improvement of the *Intellectual* Powers; nor *wholly* upon a fine Construction of the *Organs* of the Body; nor *wholly* upon the intermediate Powers of the *Imagination*; but upon a Union of them all happily blended, without too great a Prevalency in either. Hence it falls out, that one Man may be a very great Reasoner; another have the finest Genius for Poetry; and a third be blessed with the most delicate

delicate Organs of Sense; and yet every one of these be deficient in that *internal* Sensation called *Taste*. On the contrary, a fourth, in whose Frame indulgent Nature has twisted this *triple Cord*, shall feel it constantly vibrate within, whenever the same *Unison* of Harmony is struck from without; either in the original Works of Nature; in the mimetic Arts; or in Characters and Manners. That worthy Man, and amiable Writer, Mr. ADDISON, was no *great* Scholar; he was a very indifferent Critic, and a worse Poet; yet from the happy Mixture, just mentioned, he was blessed with a Taste truly delicate and refined. This rendered him capable of distinguishing *what were* Beauties in the Works of others, tho' he could not account so well *why they were so*, for want of that deep Philosophical Spirit which is requisite in Works of Criticism. He likewise translated the Poetical Descriptions of OVID very elegantly and faithfully into his own Language, tho' he fell infinitely short of them in his own original Compositions, for want of that *unconstrained* Fire of Imagination which
constitutes

constitutes the true Poet. Hence we may be enabled to account for that peculiar Fatality which attends Mr. ADDISON's poetical Writings, that his Translations seem Originals, whilst his own Compositions have the confined Air of Translations. Nor think that I exemplify too far by observing that your Friend POPE was a better Translator than he was a Poet. Many Instances might be produced from his Translation of the *ILIAD* to prove the Truth of this Assertion. One I will particularly mention, which is the sublime Description of NEPTUNE in the xiiith Book.

“ In *Samothracia* on a Mountain's Brow,
 “ Whose waving Woods o'er-hung the Deeps below,
 “ He sate ; and round him cast his Azure Eyes
 “ Where *Ida's* misty Tops confus'dly rise ;
 “ Beneath fair *Ilion's* glitt'ring Spires were seen ;
 “ The crowded Ships, and fable Seas between.
 “ There from the crystal Chambers of the Main
 “ Emerg'd he sate ; and mourn'd his *Argives* slain.
 “ At Jove incens'd with Grief and Fury stung,
 “ Prone down the sleepy Rock, he pour'd along,
 “ Fierce as he pass'd the lofty Mountains nod,
 “ The Forests shake, Earth trembled as he trod,
 “ And felt the Footsteps of th' immortal God.” }
 I chose

I chose to select this Passage in Preference to any other, as the Original is a favorite one with LONGINUS, who had the most Taste of all the ancient Critics. In my Opinion the Translation is not at all inferior to the Original. From which you may infer that I do not degrade Mr. POPE, tho' I say he is a better Translator than he is a Poet,---I have this Morning read over the *Latin* Poem you sent me, which gave me no small Entertainment. The Author has shewed his Taste and Command of the Stile of LUCRETIVS, HORACE, and VIRGIL, but more particularly of the former, all which he has elegantly blended, or, as his Subject occasionally required, used separately. I thank you likewise for the two Translations of the same Poem, tho' I must confess they did not give me equal Satisfaction, if any at all. If the two Gentlemen, who have charitably undertaken to *do* it into English, for the Benefit of those who do not understand the Original, had possessed *Taste* or even common Judgment enough, to have distinguished that the chief Merit of that Poem consists in

the Language of it, they would have spent their Time much better by a more proper Application of their respective Talents, which have deservedly raised both their Characters, not only in their different Professions, but in the World of Letters. Mr. — writes me word he has a Letter by him from Count MAFFEI concerning VOLTAIRE's, and HILL's MEROPE, which I want much to see. When you write next, pray tell me whether the little Group of Figures, I invented for you, is yet executed in basso relievo by our favourite Artist GOSSET. Adieu.

L E T T E R VI.

To the S A M E.

IFIND, EURHEMIUS, you do not thoroughly concur with me in a Remark I made in my last Letter, that “ADDISON “ was an indifferent Critic, and a worse “ Poet.” But however extensive my Regard to the Memory of that great and good Man may be, and however inimitable and certainly *justly* admired he ever will be as a Prose Writer, for those moral and humorous Essays, but more particularly those delightful Allegories his Muse CLIO has left us ; yet true Criticism will never allow him to be at the Head even of the second Class of our *English* Poets. You answer, that there are several Passages in some of his poetical Compositions, which breathe a Spirit of Genius equal to any thing extant, either among the Moderns or Ancients ; and at the same time, point out the famous Simile of the Angel of *Destruction*, if I may so call it, in the *Campaign* : and another at the Conclusion

clusion of the first Act of *Cato*. Now tho' selecting *particular* Passages from a Poet is not a certain Method, nor a fair one, of forming a proper Estimate of his *general* Excellence, yet as you so strongly urge these two, with an Air of Triumph, to be the Inspiration of *Castalian* Streams, I must desire you to examine them with me critically Line by Line, and I dare say you'll own, that both betray a great Poverty of Imagination by an insipid Repetition of one Thought in different Expressions. To begin then with the celebrated Simile in the *Campaign*, which, for half a Century, has been undistinquishingly admired.

- " So when an Angel by Divine Command
- " With *rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land*,
- " Such as of late o'er pale BRITANNIA pass,
- " Calm and serene *he guides the furious Blast*,
- " And pleas'd th' ALMIGHTY's Orders to perform,
- " *Rides in the Whirlwind and directs the Storm.*"

Now take the second Line of each Couplet, and examine whether the Thought is varied. Is not *shaking a guilty Land with a rising Tempest*, and *directing the Storm*, and *guiding the furious Blast*, the

D same

same Action? Is not acting by *Divine Command*, in the first Verse, and *performing the Almighty's Orders*, in the fifth, the same Thought likewise? MARCIA's Simile in CATO abounds still more with this tiresome Tautology.

“ So the pure limpid Stream when foul with Stains
 “ Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
 “ Works itself clear, and as it runs refines.”

CATO, ACT. I.

Rushing Torrents, and descending Rains, works itself clear, and as it runs refines.
 But now having had the disagreeable Office of denying, for the sake of Truth, this excellent Man a Right to a Pretension of being a good Poet, Justice will exact, and my own Inclination lead me to take notice, that his Translations of OVID are as faithful and spirited, and at the same time carry as much the free unfettered Air of Originals, as any other Translations in the English Language. As I have particularized his Defects as a Poet, give me leave to take the more pleasureable Part now to point out Instances of his Capacity as a Translator, which I will select from
 I the

the Stories of NARCISSUS and ECHO, in the third Book ; and of SALMACIS and HERMAPHRODITUS, in the fourth Book of the METAMORPHOSIS. The following Description receives the same additional Beauty from the Translation, as the Youth's Image did from the surrounding Waters.

“ Now all undrest upon the Banks he stood,
 “ And clapt his Sides, and leapt into the Flood:
 “ His lovely Limbs the Silver Waves divide,
 “ His Limbs appear more lovely thro' the Tide,
 “ As Lilies shut within a crystal Cafe,
 “ Receive a glossy Lustre from the Glass *.”

SALM. & HERM. Book iv.

The following Passages likewise among many others receive the same Advantage.

[Shame,
 “ The Boy knew nought of Love, and touch'd with
 “ He strove and blush'd, but still the Blush became ;
 “ In rising Blushes still fresh Beauties rose ;
 “ The sunny Side of Fruit such Blushes shews,
 And

* Ille, cavis velox applauso corpore palmis,
 Defilit in latices : alternaque brachia ducens
 In liquidis translucet aquis : ut *eburnea* si quis
Signa tegat claro, *vel* candida lilia vitro.

METAM. Lib. iv.

“ And such the Moon, when all her Silver White
 “ Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light *. Ibid.

“ With eager Steps the Lycian Fields he crost,
 “ And Fields that border on the Lycian Coast ;
 “ A River here he view'd so lovely bright,
 “ It shew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light, }
 “ Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from human Sight ; }
 “ The Stream produc'd nor slimy Ooze, nor Weeds,
 “ Nor miry Rushes, nor the spiky Reeds,
 “ But dealt enriching Moisture all around,
 “ The fruitful Banks with chearful Verdure crown'd }
 “ And kept the Spring eternal on the Ground †. Ibid.

“ But oft would bathe her in the crystal Tide :
 “ Oft with a Comb her dewy Locks divide ;
 “ Now in the limpid Streams she view'd her Face,
 “ And dress'd her Image in the floating Glass ;
 “ On Beds of Leaves she now repos'd her Limbs,
 “ Now gather'd Flowers that grew about her Streams ;
 “ And

* ————— Pueri rubor ora notavit
 Nescia quid sit amor : sed et erubuisse decebat.
 Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebore tincto est, aut sub candore rubenti,
 Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaria Lunæ. Ibid.
 † Ille etiam Lycias urbes, Lyciæque propinquos
 Caras adeft. Vidit hic stagnum lucentis ad imum
 Usque solum lymphæ. Non illic Canna palustris,
 Nec steriles ulvæ, nec acuta cuspidè junci.
 Perspicuus liquor est. Stagni tamen ultima vivo
 Cespitè cinguntur, semperque virentibus herbis. Ibid.

L E T T E R VI. 37

“ And then by Chance was gath’ring, as she stood
 “ To view the Boy, and long’d for what she view’d*.
 Ibid.

GIVE me leave to transcribe two Passages from the Story of NARCISSUS, and I will refer you to the Whole for a more entire Satisfaction.

“ But why should I complain, I’m sure he burns
 “ With equal Flames, and languishes by turns,
 “ Whene’er I stoop, he offers at a Kiss,
 “ And when my Arms I stretch, he stretches his.
 “ His Eyes with Pleasure on my Face he keeps,
 “ He smiles my Smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
 “ Whene’er I speak, his moving Lips appear
 “ To utter something which I cannot hear †.”

Story of NARCISS. Book iii.

* Sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus :
 Sæpe Citoriaco deducit pectine crines ;
 Et quid se deceat spectatas consulit undas.
 Nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu,
 Mollibus aut foliis, aut mollibus incubat herbis.
 Sæpe legit flores. Et tunc quoque forte legebatur,
 Cum puerum vidit: visumque optavit habere.

Ibid.

† Spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico :
 Cumque ego porrexerim tibi brachia, porrigis ultro :
 Cum risi, arrides : lachrymas quoque sæpe notavi
 Me lachrymante tuas : nutu quoque signa remittis :

D 3

Et,

" And none of those attractive Charms remain,
 " To which the slighted ECHO su'd in vain.
 " She saw him in his present Misery,
 " Whom spite of all her Wrongs she griev'd to see.
 " She answer'd sadly to the Lover's Moan ;
 " Sigh'd back his Sighs, and answer'd groan for groan,
 " Ah Youth ! belov'd in vain, NARCISSUS cries ;
 " Ah Youth ! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.
 " Farewell, says he, the parting Sound scarce fell
 " From his faint Lips, but she reply'd, " Farewell.
 " Then on th' unwholsome Earth he gasping lies,
 " Till Death shuts up those self-admiring Eyes,
 " To the cold Shades his fitting Ghost retires,
 " And in the Stygian Waves itself admires *."

Ibid. iii.

Et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,
 Verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras.

Metam. Lib. iii.

* Nec corpus remanet quondam quod amaverat Echo,
 Quæ tamen ut vidit, quamvis irata memorque,
 Indoluit : quotiesque puer miserabilis, Eheu,
 Dixerat : hæc resonis iterabat vocibus Eheu.
 Ultima vox solitam fuit hæc spectantis in undam,
 Heu frustra dilecte puer ! totidemque remisit
 Verba locus : dictoque vale, vale inquit et Echo.
 Ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herba.
 Lumina nox claudit domini mirantia formam.

Ibid.

If

If the ingenious Author of the *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, had not made it plainly appear, that what is too frequently mistaken for one Poet's Imitation of another, is only an unavoidable Similarity, that will always attend the Description of the same thing drawn by two Geniuses tho' living in two different Ages and Countries, (for Descriptions are nothing but Transcripts from Nature, and Nature is always the same) I should have been ready to have pronounced EVE's Description of viewing herself in the Fountain, in *Paradise Lost*, to be borrowed by MILTON from the former of these two last Passages in OVID, which is exactly the same, and then concludes,

“ ————Pleas'd I soon return'd,
 “ Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answ'ring Looks
 “ Of Sympathy and Love ; there I had fix'd
 “ Mine Eyes till now, and *pin'd with VAIN Desire*,
 “ Had not a Voice,” &c.

MILTON's Par. Lost. B. iv.

What would lead me too more strongly to the Conjecture, is, the seeming Allusion to the Story of *Narcissus* in the Expression, *pin'd with VAIN Desire*.—For

fear a Chain of Thoughts should here lead me to say any thing disrespectful of that Work which Nature formed with most Taste, Woman, I will abruptly conclude myself,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R VII.

To the S A M E.

I Remember, EUPHEMIUS, when we were reading over together LUCIAN's Dialogue concerning BEAUTY, you was uncommonly pleased with that Author for calling HOMER the most excellent of the Painters *. Which implied, by bestowing this Expression upon the Father of the Poets, that Poetry comprehended all the Powers of her Sister Art. But I am afraid it would be too bold in any Writer to call APELLES, or PROTOGENES, the most excellent of the Poets, For tho' no Painter can arrive at any Perfection without a poetical Genius, yet his Art comprehending only Part of the Powers of Poetry, there would not be sufficient Authority for the mutual Appellation. There are Subjects indeed in common to Poets and Painters, but even in those very Subjects, not to mention others

* ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥ ΓΡΑΦΗΝ ΟΜΗΡΟΥ.

LUCIAN.

which

which are the Province only of the former) Poetry has several adventitious Aids which maintain her Superiority over the other Art. Many Objects, it is true, such as the following Night-Pieces for Example, may be so described even by the greatest Poets, that Painters of equal Genius might produce Pictures, betwixt which and them, the Palm of Glory would hang wavering. The first is MILTON's,

“ The Moon
 “ Rising in clouded Majesty, at length
 “ Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerless Light,
 “ And o'er the Earth her Silver Mantle threw.”

MILTON's Par. Lost. B. iv.

The next is HOMER's, which EUSTATHIUS esteemed the most beautiful Night-Piece in Poetry.

Ως δ' οτ' εν νεφελω *, &c.

Iliad lib. viii. l. 551.

The

* Mr. POPE's Translation of this Passage is, in my Opinion, superior to the Original, which the ingenious Author of Sir THO. FITZOSBORNE's Letters has remarked before me. I must add one Observation, which is, that Mr. POPE has most happily digested a Line of SHAKESPEARE's,

“ And

The rest are SHAKESPEAR'S.

“ Yonder blessed Moon——
 “ That tips with Silver all those Fruit-Tree Tops,”
Romeo and Juliet.

Again,

“ The Moon shines bright : in such a Night as this,
 “ When the sweet Wind did gently kiss the Trees,
 “ And they did make no Noise.” *Merch. of Ven.*

Now tho', I confess, *these* beautiful Strokes
 of the three greatest Poets the World ever
 produced, may be equalled by Painting,
 yet I will prove that one adventitious
 Circumstance *might* be thrown into such
 a Landscape by Poetry, as the utmost
 glow of Colours could never emulate.
 This too SHAKESPEAR has done by a
 metaphorical Expression in one single
 Line,

“ How sweet the Moonlight SLEEPS upon that Bank!”
Merch. of Ven.

“ And *tips with Silver* all those Fruit-tree Tops,”
 into his Translation in this most masterly Manner,
 “ O'er all the Trees a yellower Verdure shed,
 “ And *tip with Silver* every Mountain's Head.”
 To this I would apply, as Mr. H—— does in general,
 the Story of DOMINICHINO'S availing himself of AUG.
 CARRACCI'S Picture.

That

That Verb [SLEEPS,] taken from animal Life and transferred by the irresistible Magic of Poetry, to the before lifeless Objects of the Creation, animates the whole Scene, and conveys an instantaneous Idea to the Imagination what a solemn Stillness is required, when the *peerless Queen* of Night is, in the full Splendor of her Majesty, thus lulled to Repose. When I once urged this, to an enthusiastical Admirer of the *Lombard* School of Painters, in favour of the Pre-eminence of Poetry over his beloved Art, he ingenuously confessed it was beyond the Power of the Pencil to convey any Idea adequate to this; and the ingenious Reason he gave, why it was so, gave me no small Satisfaction. Painting, said he, passes gently thro' one of the Senses, namely, that of Seeing, to the Imagination; but this adventitious Beauty of SHAKESPEAR's seizes the Imagination at once, before we can reduce the Image to a sensible Object, which every *meer* Picture in Poetry ought, for a Test of its Truth, to be reduced to: However, added he, since we are upon the Subject of Night-Pieces, if you will hazard

zard the Palm of Superiority upon a Subject where both these Arts have every Advantage in common ; that is, if you will collate any Description in Poetry which conveys only Objects to the Eyes without these additional Charms, I dare venture that rural Night Landscape, where you see, pointing to a fine Picture, the Power of the Moon both upon the Land and Water, against the most laboured Strokes of VIRGIL or MILTON, or the more enchanting Sketches of HOMER or SHAKESPEAR. I must own nothing could be more favourable for me than selecting, from his Collection, this very Piece, to put in Competition with these Geniuses ; as it did not necessitate me to seek for a Description on any other Subject, SHAKESPEAR having left us a short one, but at the time the most elegantly picturesque of any I remember ; which with a kind of anticipated Triumph I repeated.

“ To-morrow Night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

“ Her Silver Visage in the watry Glass,

“ Decking with liquid Pearl the bladed Grass.”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I could

46 L E T T E R VII.

I could perceive by the Looks of my Friend, when I had repeated the second Line, that he thought his favorite Painter had equalled SHAKESPEAR in the Representation of the Reflection of the Moon in the Water, but, when I had compleated the Scene by the third Line,

“ Decking with liquid Pearl the bladed Grass,”

both his Heart, Eyes, and Tongue confessed the Victory of our inimitable Poet, —You know, EUPHEMIUS, the Representations of Nature in her *simple Retirements*, as I used to call a rural Evening, were my favorite Subjects ; more especially when the Artist had blended with the Truth of Imitation, that undefineable Delicacy of Taste, to which even TRUTH herself is often indebted for a more agreeable Admittance into the 'Heart. I will illustrate what I mean by Example. That succinct Pincture of the Setting Sun in the viiith Book of the *Iliad*,

Εν δ' ἔπες' ὠκεανὸν λαμπρὸν φαεινὸν ἡλίου
ἔλκον νυκτὶ μελαιναν ἐπὶ ζέδωρον ἀρχαῖαν.

Lin. 485.

“ Now

“ Now deep in Ocean sunk the Lamp of Light,
 “ Drawing behind the cloudy Veil of Night.”

PÖPE's Translation.

has very strong Outlines, and commands the warmest Approbation of our *Judgment*, but being unadorned with other Circumstances, and wanting Objects to enliven the Landscape, the Applause ends with the Judgment, and never sinks deep into the Heart. Whereas the following Scene, in Mr. COLLINS's Ode to the Evening, being animated by proper Allegorical Personages, and coloured highly with incidental Expression, warms the Breast with a sympathetic Glow of retired Thoughtfulness.

“ For when thy folding Star arising shews,
 “ His paly Circlet, at his warning Lamp,
 “ The fragrant Hours and Elves,
 “ Who slept in Flow'rs the Day, [Sedge,
 “ And many a Nymph who wreaths her Brows with
 “ And sheds the fresh'ning Dew, and lovelier still,
 “ The PENSIVE PLEASURES sweet
 “ Prepare thy shadowy Car *.”

* See a Collection of Odes published a few Years ago by Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS, whose neglected Genius will hereafter be both an Honour and a Disgrace to our Nation.

Perhaps

48 L E T T E R VII.

Perhaps you will here turn a former Remark of my own upon me, and say with the tragic Poet,

“ It bears a just Resemblance of thy Fortune,
 “ And suits the quiet Purpose of thy Soul.”

YOUNG’S *Revenge*.

and tell me, as you once did upon a similar Occasion, that I am obliged to Retirement for the Discovery of these humble Pleasures. Perhaps I am in some measure: but tho’ Sorrows have bettered my Heart, and rendered it more familiar with Nature than it might have been in the cheerfuller Scenes of Life, yet you must confess, that, from our earliest Acquaintance, you always perceived in me a *kindred Spirit* to the PENSIVE PLEASURES. Adieu, my dear Friend, and rest assured, that, whether I speculate only in the Shades of Obscurity, or whether the Pursuit of my not ill-grounded future Expectations, casts me into the more noisy Scenes of Action, I shall always remain with the greatest Sincerity,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R VIII.

To the S A M E.

D ID AMELIA and several others of my Friends in Reality desire, in Conjunction with you, that I would send you the little Essay, which I wrote several Years ago, when I was very young, upon the *polite Arts*; or was it one of the good-natured Frauds of Friendship, to deceive me into the harmless Pleasure of thinking such a Trifle should be in request among those, whose Esteem I so highly value? Be it which it will, your Desire shall command my Compliance in every respect, and I will therefore transcribe the whole from the periodical Miscellaneous Collection in which it was published.

* Nothing is a greater Indication of Luxury, the Fore-runner of Poverty, than the Degeneracy of the polite Arts into useless Ostentation. The Poets, Painters,

* This little Essay was published in a periodical Paper which came out once a Fortnight in the Year 1746.

E

and

and Sculptors have of late almost forgot what gave rise to, and ought to be the end of their Labours. Those noble Designs in which ATHENS gloried more than in all her Military Exploits, are now little regarded; and those noble Servants of Virtue, the ARTS, which formerly gave Instruction not only to the young and unexperienced, but to the old and learned, are mostly slighted, and often prostituted to adorn Vice, and flatter human Vanity. But to lay aside the Severity of the Moralist, and talk to the Professors, of what, they will think, concerns them most. I am fully convinced that nothing would so much contribute to their Fame and Fortune, and to make them complete Masters, as an Attachment to Virtue, and the Uses of Life; and an Emulation to form their Designs from the Models of those ancient Artists, whose Works have been delivered down to us with the greatest Applause, and will be to all Posterity, as long as Truth is esteemed the Criterion of Perfection.

Suppose any one of the Geniuses of the present Age, whether Poet, Painter, or
I Statuary,

Statuary, instead of following the wild Lure of his own Imagination, or the Whims of modern Originals, should modestly content himself to make PRODICUS's Judgment of HERCULES in XENOPHON's *Memorabilia*; the *perfect Beauty* of LUCIAN; or *the mythological Picture of Human Life* written by CEBES, the Subject of his Imitation; I dare answer for it he would presently excell his Brethren, and verify this Observation, that the most faithful Disciples of Nature are always the greatest Masters of Art. This Justice, however, I must do my Countrymen, to observe, that there are still several among us *, who, in spite of publick Depravity, retain a virtuous Love for the Arts, and make *Use* the End of their Endeavours. A Friend of mine, who is an Admirer of the three Pieces above-mentioned, took me to see a Collection of Pictures, which were most of them taken from the Designs of those celebrated Writers. Among the rest I was particularly

* HOGARTH and WILSON have given the World sufficient Proofs of as true Genius for Design as ever adorned the Art of Painting, however their ignorant Countrymen may have neglected such uncommon Talents.

pleased with four, which exceeded any modern Performances, I ever saw, in Contrivance and Execution. The Subjects were INFANCY, YOUTH, MANHOOD, and AGE, which were represented in the following manner. The principal Figure of the first Piece was a naked Child coming into a Wilderness, supported by INNOCENCE and WONDER. At the Entrance the FANCIES of various kinds stood ready to receive it, who were conducted, for the most part, by *Imposture*, *Ignorance*, and *Error*; some few indeed by *Reason* and *Truth*. Those, belonging to the former, were the Ministers of *Misery*; those, to the latter, of *Happiness*. Both Parties seemed very desirous to allure the *new Comer* to their respective Dwellings, and Doubt and Pleasure were blended together in the Infant's Countenance.—The second Piece was composed of a Group not unlike the first. A young Man was represented walking in a beautiful Garden, where all the Trees in full Blossom were arranged in the most natural Manner; the *Loves*, the *Graces*, and *Pleasures* were courting his Embrace, whose Caresses he
returned

returned with mutual Ardor. Beneath the Feet of these was a Serpent crawling out from under a Bordure of Flowers ; and, at a little Distance from thence, three or four *Cupids* binding *Reason* in Chains. VENUS appeared above, descending in a Chariot drawn by Doves, with her *Idalian* Son upon her Lap, and *Indolence* amidst her Court of infant Vices lolling on a Couch below.——MANHOOD, the Subject of the third Piece, was characterized by a sedate Person in a Vineyard at the time of Vintage. He was leaning in a thoughtful Posture, against a large Olive-Tree, whose Fruit was falling round him. *Ambition* stood on one Side, pointing to the Temple of *Glory*, and *Care* on the other Side, with a wrinkled Forehead, looking at *Necessity*. To these the *Arts* and *Sciences* were offering their Assistance, and the *Laws* protecting them, with their written Tables in one hand, and the Sword of *Justice* in the other. But amidst all this Group, the Figures that looked the most amiable were *Friendship*, *conjugal Love*, and *parental Affection*. To give these the most heavenly Sweetness, the

Painter had exerted his utmost Skill; and to these the principle Image seemed most attentive, as if he regarded the rest only as subservient to them.—The fourth Piece remains to be described. There was an old Man standing in a leafless Grove, with his unactive Arms folded together, as if he was fixed in the deepest Meditation. His Beard was long and white, and his Garments like those worn by the *Athenian* Sages. *Reflection* and *Experience* came behind him, and their Offspring *Forefight* and *Precaution* went before. *Reason*, the great Queen of the intellectual Train, appeared in a triumphal Car, with the *Passions* chained to the Wheels, and *Opinion* waiting on her Look: at some Distance *Hope* and *Peace* were ready to conduct the Sage to the Temple of Death, who sat upon a Throne with *Time*, (his Train of *Hours* and *Days* attending round,) and seemed to invite the approaching Guest with a friendly Smile of Salutation, and not to deter him with the Looks of Horror, in which the Guilty are accustomed to paint him.—In these four Pictures, the Seasons of Life, the
Passions,

Passions, &c. are most beautifully personified, and may serve as a Specimen of what was esteemed ingenious and beautiful among the Ancients.

But besides these, I was not a little delighted with another single Piece in the same Collection. It was the Wreck of a large Ship on a Rock; the Vessel is supposed to have just bulged, the Mariners are all in the utmost Confusion and Despair, and in the midst of them upon the Deck stands a beautiful young Woman looking down upon the Waves below, where an old Man is expiring with a dead Infant in his Arms: the one is supposed to be her Father, the other her Child: the lively Anguish, mixed with the most tender Looks of parental and filial Love, which she expresses, never fails to raise in the Spectator of this Master-piece of Art, the most heart-ennobling Pity, and gives us a silent Lesson of Duty and Affection.—Such Subjects as these ought to employ the Time of every Artist, where natural and moral Beauty would be again united as they were of old; for whenever a good Taste prevails in the

one, an inseparable Connection will transfer it into the other ; but as long as *Superstition* uses *Art* like a Magician's Wand, to delude the Multitude with her fairy Creations, and *Luxury* allures her to rebel against *Virtue*, the Productions must necessarily be monstrous ; disgust every undistempered Mind ; and only suit that Incongruity from whence they sprung of *Priestcraft* and *Licentiousness*.

You see, EUPHEMIUS, how willing I am to oblige you, by hazarding to your nice Inspection the first Sallies of a young, tho' well-meaning, Fancy. If the Essay gives AMELIA any Pleasure, I dare say you will very soon communicate it to me, as I am convinced, from repeated Favors of this kind, that you will never let any Opportunity escape of giving me even the least Satisfaction ; much less will you conceal from me what, you may very well know, will afford the greatest. I am,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R IX.

To the S A M E.

I AM quite sick, my dear Friend, of the splendid Impertinence, the unmeaning Glitter, the tasteless Profusion, and monstrous Enormities, which I have lately seen in a Summer's Ramble to some of the Villas which swarm in the Neighbourhood of our Metropolis. You would imagine that the Owners, having retained the horrid Chimæras of a feverish Dream, had jumbled them together in a waking Frenzy. In one Place was a House built from an aukward Delineation plundered from an old *Indian* Screen, and decorated with all the Monsters of *Asia* and *Africa*, inhospitably grinning at Strangers over every Door, Window, and Chimney-Piece. In another, we found an old *Gothic* Building encrusted with Stucco, sliced into *Grecian* Pilasters, with gilded Capitals; superbly lined with Paper disfigured all over with the fat Deities of *CHINA*, and the heterogeneous Animals that exist
only

only in the aërial Regions of UTOPIA. Few, very few, did we meet with that bore any relation to Proportion, or the Conveniencies and natural Emoluments of Life. But in all these notable Distortions of Art, I perceived the poor prostituted Word TASTE, was constantly made use of to express the abortive Conceptions of a distempered *Fancy*. From a cursory View of these motley Productions of modern Refinement, you would be led to think, that the new Gentry of the City, and their Leaders the well-dressed Mob about St. *James's*, were seized, the very Moment they left the Town-Air, with a *Chinese* Madness, and imagined a Deviation from *Truth* and *Nature* was an infallible Criterion of TASTE. But of all the splendid Impertinencies I ever saw, nothing ever excited in me so contemptuous an Indignation as MUCIO's Palace ; and yet the silly Multitude pour forth in abundant Crowds from the adjacent City, during the Summer Season, on a particular Day of the Week, which the indulgent Owner sets apart for that Purpose, to gaze with open-mouthed Astonishment at the
superb

superb Nothing of this unmeaning Structure. MUCIO's Palace stands about six Miles from LONDON, upon a dry barren Spot, where GOD never intended Wood should naturally grow, or Water spring: MUCIO therefore made choice of this Spot, in Preference to any other, to shew the *admiring* Spectators, that Wealth could perform every thing in the Physical World, as his *wary* Ancestors had found it would do in the Moral. So to supply what Nature in a profuse Irregularity bestows upon other Places, but had withheld from this, he planted, at an immense Expence, by Rule and Line, several *pretty* Walks of Elm Trees, so engagingly like one another, that, at the first Glance, you may know them all to be of the same Family; and observing that Water is more *naturally* collected into, and preserved in a Body, in low Situations, MUCIO, whose chief Aim, it seems, was to *excel Nature*, most *artfully* caught upon an Eminence, in a round Basin turned by a pair of Compasses, or more properly a large Rain-water Cistern of ten Acres, the imprisoned Contributions of Winter Showers, to pu-
trify

trify by Stagnation in the Summer Season. The House itself, it is true, is built with good *Portland* Stone, before which is *stuck on* a Portico in the *Corinthian* Order. The Rooms within are large without Magnificence; numerous without Convenience; and fitted up with an ostentatious Splendor, without the minutest Appearance of any one real Elegance. The Furniture is even disgustingly expensive, and ornamented into useless Incumbrance. Several daubed Copies of P. PININI'S Ruins dangle over monstrous Marble Chimney-Pieces, that look like Family Monuments in a Cathedral; and not a few shapeless naked *Pagan* Deities, *done* by modern Artists, sprawl upon Canvas surrounded with gilt Frames, tacked upon Hangings of Gold and Silver Tissue. In short, the whole seems as if MUCIO had been suffered by Heaven, to squander away immense Treasures in this most ridiculous manner, to give a silent Lesson of Consolation to every Spectator, how low soever his Lot is fallen in the Vale of Life, that Nature and Propriety will make a thatch-covered Cottage useful, and an Orna-

L E T T E R IX. 61

Ornament in the rural Landscape round him, when this enormous Pile of Stones scarce afforded the tasteless Builder a dwelling Room, and will remain, even in Ruins, a Monument of Vanity and Dullness.---I am glad you have finished to your Satisfaction, the *Palladian* Bridge, you was so busy about when I was last with you at——. I have selected a very beautiful Parcel of Spar for your Grotto, which I propose to send in a few Days. I am,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R X.

To EUGENIO.

I HAVE sent you, according to my Promise, EUGENIO, that little Philosophical Poem, I have so often recommended, written by Sir JOHN DAVIES, entitled, *The Original, Nature, and Immortality of the Soul*. Wherein you will find the secret Springs of Pleasure and Pain, Love and Hatred, laid open to your Inspection. The ingenious Author, after having described the *five Senses* as the Inlets of all Objects to the Soul, and the Imagination as a *Sense in common* betwixt them and the *intellectual Powers*, proceeds to explain, in the following Stanzas, whence the *Spirits of Sense* [i. e. TASTE] arise, and how they influence the human Passions.

But since the *Brain* does lodge the Pow'rs of Sense,
 How comes it in the *Heart* those Passions spring?
 The mutual Love, the kind Intelligence;
 'Twixt *Heart* and *Brain* this Sympathy doth bring.
 From the kind Heat which in the *Heart* doth reign,
 The *Spirits of Life* doth their beginning take,
Those

Those *Spirits of Life* ascending to the Brain
 When they come there the *Spirit of Sense* do make.
 These *Spirits of Sense* in *Fantasy's* high Court,
 Judge of the Forms of Objects ill or well,
 And so they send a good or ill Report
 Down to the Heart where all *Affections* dwell.
 If the Report be *good* it causeth *Love*,
 And longing *Hope*, and well assured *Joy*;
 If it be ill, then doth it Hatred move,
 And trembling *Fear*, and vexing *Griefs* annoy.

You will observe from hence that a true relish for Life as well as for natural Beauty, depends upon a right Management of our Fancies; for if Fancy presents Objects in false Appearances to these *Spirits of Sense*, the *Affections* will embrace Vice and Deformity with the Caresses, which naturally belong to Virtue and Beauty. For this Reason the noble Author of the CHARACTERISTICS warns us, out of the Stoic School, against the Delusions of a false Fancy, as the most important Concern of our Being *. If you would see this Doctrine illustrated and adorned with the most genuine Flowers of Poetry, let me recommend you to the third Book of

* See Lord Shaftesbury's *Characterics passim*.

the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the most beautiful of all didactic Poems.——I find Ambition has drawn you, from the quiet Retirement I last left you in, to the busy Buzz of Courts and Levees. I must ingenuously confess, that the pursuit of Wealth and Honours I should *now* enjoy myself, for since the irreparable Loss of all domestic Comforts I sustained by the Death of my dear EUDOCIA, I have placed my chief Happiness in hopes of raising myself to the Character a long race of Ancestors have possessed before me ; but for you, who still enjoy the more desirable Comforts of conjugal Love, to leave the enchanting Conversation of your fair accomplished Friend, for the dull Jargon of Business, is an exchange infinitely to your Loss. If *Fancy* has dressed up *domestic* HAPPINESS in the Robes of Office, believe me she plays the *Spirits of Sense* very false, and let me warn you betimes, lest your Fate should be the same as that of a noble *Arabian* I have heard related. The Story is this. There dwelt at IZRA a young Nobleman named MIRAVAN, who was blessed with Health, Wit, Beauty,
and

and a sufficient Competency of the good Things of this World, which for some Years he enjoyed with the most uninterrupted Satisfaction, till one Day walking among the Tombs of his Ancestors, he observed upon one of them the following Inscription, almost erased by Time ;

IN THIS TOMB IS A GREATER TREASURE
THAN CROESUS EVER POSSESSED.

Inflamed immediately with the very lust of Avarice, he caused the *ponderous and marble Jaws* (as SHAKESPEAR calls them) of his Ancestor's Sepulchre to be opened ; when entering with rapturous Expectation of finding immense Treasures, he was struck speechless with Disappointment to behold nothing but a Heap of Bones, Dust, and Putrefaction, with this Inscription over it :

HERE WOULD HAVE DWELT ETERNAL
REPOSE A TREASURE CROESUS NEVER
POSSESSED WHICH THOU HAST DRIVEN HENCE
BEING EXCITED BY AN INSATIABLE LOVE
OF GOLD TO DISTURB THE SACRED REMAINS
OF THY PROGENITORS. HAD NOT THY
REASON BEEN DELUDED BY A FALSE FANCY
SHE WOULD HAVE TOLD THEE THAT THE

F

GRAVE

GRAVE CONTAINS NOTHING BUT DUST AND
ASHES.

Adieu, my dear EUGENIO, and build
no Expectations but upon the Rock of
Certainty. I am,

Your, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R X I.

T O E U P H E M I U S .

I AM greatly pleased, EUPHEMIUS, that you was of the same Opinion as myself, in a late Conversation, that nothing would vitiate a Man's *Tasse* for Poetry more, than frequently reading the *Italian* Poets. Their forced Allusions, their tinsel *Concetti*, and perpetual Affectation of hunting for pretty Thoughts indiscriminately upon every Subject, are so many Deviations from good Writing, which degrade the Dignity of *Heroic*, and totally destroy the Simplicity of *Pastoral* Poesy. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY'S *ARCADIA* affords a sufficient Example how much the finest Genius may be corrupted by a too familiar Intercourse with those exotic Triflers. I do not mean by this to extend my Censure to every Part of their poetical Compositions, as there are many beautiful Passages in TASSO'S *JERUSALEM* in one Species, and in his *AMINTA* in

This Lion (as THESEUS says of his Brother in SHAKESPEAR'S *Midsummer Night's Dream*) is a very gentle Beast, and of a good Conscience. But I cannot dismiss this Passage without noticing the Merit of the AMSTERDAM Editor of 1732, who founds this ingenious explanatory Note upon the poor Word *Cosi*. *Nell istesso modo* (says he.) or *forse meglio : quando fa Cosi, cio è quando rugge*. It may easily be conceived how a luxuriant Fancy may in the Heat of poetic Rapture glow up into Nonsense; but how a Commentator can coolly explain it afterwards is beyond my Understanding to account for.

I should be glad if some of those Gentlemen, who are so willing to believe the Superiority of the *Italian* Poets over their own Countrymen, would collate FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*, and MILTON'S *Comus*, with the abovementioned Pieces, and impartially consider the full Merit of both. I dare say they would find this Branch of Laurel, which those two great Men have so successfully transplanted from ITALY, flourishes better in our own temperate Climate, than on the Banks

Banks of the TIBER. But, as the FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS is more precisely a dramatic pastoral Poem than COMUS, and the first too that was attempted in our Language, I would rest the Contention upon that alone. If they descend to particular Passages, the following may safely be put in Competition both for Taste and Moral, with any they can produce from their favorite Authors. After the *Satyr* has left CLORIN, the Faithful Shepherdess, she breaks out into the following Soliloquy.

All my Fears go with thee.
 What Greatness, or what private hidden Power
 Is there in me to draw Submission
 From this rude Man or Beast? Sure I am mortal :
 The Daughter of a Shepherd ; he was mortal :
 And she that bore me mortal : prick my Hand
 And it will bleed ; a Fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young Lambs shrink
 Makes me a-cold : my Fear says I am mortal :
 Yet I have heard, my Mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it, if I keep
 My Virgin Flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No Goblin, Wood-God, Fairy, Elf, or Fiend,
 Satyr, or other Pow'r that haunts the Grove,
 Shall hurt my Body, or by vain Illusion,
 Draw me to wander after idle Fires ;

Or Voices calling me in dead of Night,
 To make me follow, and to tole me on
 Thro' Mire and standing Pool, to find my Ruin :
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners nor smooth Humanity, whose Heats
 Are roughier than himself, and more misshapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there's a Pow'r
 In that great Name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil Bloods, all Appetites
 That break their Confines. Act. I.

PERIGOT's Declaration, of the Purity
 of his Love to AMORET, and the Chastity
 of his Intentions, is not with less Taste
 described in the same Act, not for-
 getting how ingeniously the Poet has
 availed himself of the Prejudices imbibed
 in Infancy concerning invifible Powers.

O do not wrong my honest fimple Truth:
 Myself and my Affections are as pure
 As thofe chafte Flames that burn before the Shrine
 Of the chafte DIAN : Only my Intent
 To draw you thither was to plight our Troths
 With interchange of mutual chafte Embraces,
 And ceremonious tying of our Souls :
 For to that holy Wood is confecrate
 A virtuous Well, about whose flow'ry Banks
 The nimble-footed Fairies dance their Rounds
 By the pale Moon-shine, dipping often times
Their

Their stolen Children, so to make 'em free
 From dying Flesh, and dull Mortality;
 By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
 And given away his Freedom, many a Troth
 Been plighted, which neither Envy, nor old Time
 Could ever break, with many a chaste Kiss given
 In Hope of coming Happiness. ACT. I.

And AMARILLIS's Description of the
fullen Shepherd, his Dog, and his Flocks,
 is as elegant. When I here say *elegant*,
 I would not be understood to mean that
 the Objects described are so, I mean the
 Description only; for Poetry, as well as
 Painting, being an Imitative Art, a Poet
 may shew as much Ingenuity and Taste
 in the Description of a Desert, as in that
 of the most flow'ry Landscape.

There is a Shepherd dwells
 Down by the Moor, whose Life hath ever shown
 More fullen Discontent than SATURN's Brow,
 When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:
 One that doth wear himself away in Loneliness,
 And never joys, unless it be in breaking
 The holy plighted Troths of mutual Souls:
 One that Lusts after every sev'ral Beauty,
 But yet was never known to love or like,
 Were the Face fairer and more full of Truth

Than

Than PHOEBE in her Fullness, or the Youth
 Of smooth LYÆUS ; whose nigh-starv'd Flocks
 Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep
 They feed withal, whose Lambs are ever last
 And die before their weaning, and whose Dog
 Looks like his Master, lean, and full of Scurf,
 Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle. Act. I.

To dwell upon every Beauty in this Piece
 would be to transcribe the whole. I shall
 therefore only add, that all Men of Genius,
 since the Death of the great Author,
 have concurred in applauding this most
 excellent Performance. As I have so
 warmly spoken of this Play, give me
 Leave to recommend to you the addi-
 tional Pleasure, when you next read it, of
 perusing the Notes of the last Editor, Mr.
 SEWARD, who has made some happy
 Emendations in the Text, and very appo-
 sitely illustrated his Author with several
 similar Passages from HOMER, THEOCRI-
 TUS, VIRGIL, SPENSER, SHAKESPEAR,
 and MILTON.—Notwithstanding what
 I have said concerning the *Italians*, I
 hope my Compliments won't be unac-
 ceptable to our ingenious Friend, whom
 we call PETRARCH, in his Retirement
 in

L E T T E R XI. 75

in the Vale of —, known among us by
the Name of VALCLUSA, and his amiable,
I may say, his enchanting LAURA. Adieu.

I am,

Your, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XII.

TO PHILEMON.

I HAVE been several Days, my dear PHILEMON, feeding my Eyes with those delicious Remains of ancient Architecture, the Ruins of PALMYRA, with which those very ingenious Gentlemen Mr. DAWKINS and Mr. WOOD, who made a Voyage into ASIA on Purpose, with the much to be lamented Mr. BOUVERIE, have so greatly entertained the Public. I am almost persuaded that LONGINUS himself must have been the Architect of the Temple of the Sun. There is something so sublime in that View of the grand Entrance, and the noble Perspective behind it; and so analogous to his capacious Conceptions of Greatness in poetical Compositions; that many a one, with a Fancy less warm than mine, joined to a Temper somewhat more dogmatical, would pronounce it absolutely to be the Work of that great Genius, and endeavour to support his Opinion, like a modern Controversialist, with a
hundred

hundred notable Conjectures tacked together with Shreds of ancient History. I must own I was greatly surprized that among this prodigious Heap of magnificent Ruins, there should be found only four IONIC Pillars, and all the rest should be of the CORINTHIAN Order. The Detestation the PALMYRENES bore to the ROMANS might be a strong Reason there should be none of the TUSCAN; by why one GRECIAN Order should be so little used, and the other totally neglected, seems not so easily to be accounted for, especially too when the IONIC was more in use, thro' ASIA MINOR and the neighbouring Countries to PALMYRA, than both the other two joined together. 'Tis true, indeed, the Simplicity of the DORIC would have ill suited the magnificent Structures built in Honor of the greater Cœlestial Gods, but might nevertheless, with the utmost Propriety and Taste, have been applied in Temples of the inferior Deities, and more particularly too of those who presided over the Concerns of the innocent Shepherd and laborious Husbandman. Here not only the plain

plain substantial Column of the DORIC, the Canon of whose Order was ascertained, not by the lofty Cedar, but by sturdy Trees of a more common Growth, was the only *proper* Support for the Temple of PAN or SYLVANUS, but the Ornaments generally made use of in that Order were such too as would be expected naturally in Buildings of that kind at the first Institution of this rural Religion; namely, the Heads and Horns of Animals offered up in their Sacrifices. The want of this Species of Architecture makes me suspect, that the Ruins which now remain were built at a Time when an unbounded Luxury had over-run the State, and almost extinguished the natural Taste for Truth and Propriety. The great Critic just mentioned, has a most beautiful Observation, in his *Treatise upon the Sublime*, concerning the Effect which immoderate Wealth has both upon private Families and Nations, and the speedy Progress it makes to obliterate in the human Soul, by the Luxury accompanying it, that noble and natural Regard for every Species of Virtue, which the benevolent

lent Author of our Being has originally implanted in us. "I cannot conceive, " (says LONGINUS) how it can happen " otherwise, but that we, who are so " doatingly fond of immense Riches, or, " to speak more justly, who idolize them, " should receive into our Souls those " Evils which are congenial with them. " For Profusion very closely follows " Wealth, or, as we may say, accompa- " nies it; and the latter having opened " the Gates both of Cities and private " Families, they enter in and dwell toge- " ther: where having settled for some " Time they make their Nest (as the Wife " observe) and presently endeavouring to " propagate their Kind, they beget *Pride* " and *Luxury*, which are no spurious Is- " sues, but their true and legitimate Off- " spring. Whoever permit these Children " of Wealth to come to Maturity within " them, they soon bring forth those impla- " cable Tyrants in their Souls, *Contumely*, " *Injustice*, and *Impudence* *." Now, His- " tory will inform us, that in all Empires a

* Οὐ δὲ τῶν λογισομένων δεῖν ὡς οἱ τοι, &c. LONGIN. de Sublim. Page 248. Edit. Pearce.

similar

similar Depravity of Taste for Arts and Sciences and natural Beauty, has ever attended a national Corruption of Morals. In the glorious and virtuous Part of the ROMAN Republic under the Consuls, what admirable Edifices were erected for public Use, such as Temples for the Worship of the Gods, Senate-Houses, Granaries and Aquæducts ! In the Sink of Vice under the Emperors, we hear of expensive Mausoleums, immense Circusses, splendid Amphitheatres, stately Columns dedicated to Monsters who disgraced their Species, and many other tasteless Wonders built for the Gratification of human Vanity. From hence I am inclinable to think the Ruins now before us were erected in the Age immediately preceding, or in that of ZENOBIA herself; when the splendid CORINTHIAN only could satisfy the Luxury of the Times, which had eradicated that Taste for Propriety as otherwise would have been occasionally delighted with the milder Charms of the DORIC Order. Nevertheless considering a true Taste for Architecture must have preceded this indiscriminate Magnificence,

and that many of these Buildings too are not only Instances of great Science, but likewise often applied with great Propriety (for Instance, among others, the great Temple) I could not help falling into the same kind of Reflection as Sulpicius makes, in his Letter to Cicero*, on seeing, in his Voyage from ASIA, the Ruins of ÆGINA, MEGARA, the PIRÆEUS, and CORINTH. *Shall such inconsiderable Creatures as myself, (said I) repine at any little private Loss, when at one View I behold the astonishing Magnificence of so many hundred Families, and the vast public Structures of a mighty Kingdom, all in Ruins before me? —*Indeed, PHILEMON, I begin to be ashamed that you ever heard me murmur! — I am now going with a Party of select Friends of both Sexes to take a Tour of Pleasure to several Seats in the North of — *shire*. When I return, you may rely upon receiving free

* The humane *Sulpicius* thus apostrophizes himself, after the Reflection. Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit, aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidum cadavera projecta jaceant? *Vixne tu te, Servi, cohibere, et meminisse, hominem te esse natum?* Epist. lib. iv. epist. 5.

and impartial Observations upon what we see there, in the manner you delight in, when you desire me to give you *my flow of Soul*. Adieu, my dear Friend, and continue to do me the Justice of thinking that my Heart always flows from my Tongue and Pen, especially when I say how much I am,

Your, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XIII.

To L E O N O R A.

JOY to you, my dear LEONORA, upon the Accomplishment of all your own Wishes, and those of a Man who I believe is as dear to you as yourself; at least of one whose Happiness is necessary to constitute yours. You are now entered into that State from whence, as our great Poet says,

* Relations dear, and all the Charities

Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known*.

Give me leave, therefore, as the Tie of Blood betwixt us may in some measure authorize the Freedom, and the Friendship we have always had for each other still more, to mix with the unfeigned Joy of Congratulation, the unrestrainable Tenderness of a Brother, and Concern of a Friend, in giving my Advice to you in this Scene of Happiness. Nor think it any Reflection upon the Strength of your Heart, that I should imagine I could any

* *Par. Lost*, Book the 4th.

way contribute to your Felicity by Admonition, which is not concerning your Prudence (for, to free you at once from any pain of that sort, I really think it incapable of Improvement) but relating to the Observation of some inferior Excellencies, which with the generality of your Sex have past unregarded, but, give me leave to say, are as essentially necessary to preserve a Husband's *Desires*, as the more respectable Duties of a Wife. 'Tis not enough that a Woman is a faithful domestic Friend, she should daily study to invest herself with a hundred little enchanting Graces, suitable to the Disposition of the Man she marries, if she would still retain those unspeakable Charms, conceived only by Lovers, with which she originally captivated his Heart. This grand Secret, my dear Sister, lies in this short Precept, *Never lose the Mistress in the Wife*; a Text of Bullion Sense, which an Essay Writer would wire-draw into twenty glittering Pages. But as my Design is, not to gain your Applause of my Talent as a Writer, but to give a Hint for the Promotion of your Happiness; to say more will be unnecessary,

necessary, to say less would be unaffectionate. I know some of our Friends would rally me for laying so great a stress upon minute Embellishments of Mind and Body; but I would soon stop the Laughter of those Gain-sayers by the following Fable, the Truth of whose Moral is as old and certain as the Foundation of the World, tho' the Story is my own Invention. PSYCHE, a Virgin born in the Island of CYPRUS, grew enamoured of CUPID the Son of VENUS. After making some unsuccessful Attempts to inspire the little God with a mutual Passion, she retired from the World to vent her Complaints in melancholy Solitude. There dwelt not far from PAPHOS, the Metropolis of the Country, a Nymph called TASTE, a Daughter of one of the GRACES, to whom the VIRTUES, ARTS, SCIENCES, and even the GODDESS of the island herself often resorted. For without the Assistance of some secret Charms she bestowed upon them, tho' they perhaps might sometimes coldly satisfy the World, their Endeavours to *enchant* it were always ineffectual. Hither PSYCHE repaired, and

having discovered the Cause of her Uneasiness, supplicated the Nymph in the most humble manner to relieve her Distresses. TASTE, who never refused to comply with the Petitions of her sincere Votaries, heard the Virgin's Request with Compassion, and having made up a Zone of the same Materials with which she had formerly composed the Cestus of VENUS, gave it her with the following Injunctions:

“ Take, said she, my dear PSYCHE, this
 “ magic Zone, and wear it perpetually
 “ round you, from whose latent Folds
 “ such an unspeakable Power shall be
 “ added to your natural Charms, that the
 “ disdainful God of soft Desires shall not
 “ only be captivated with your Beauty,
 “ as soon as he sees you, but shall be re-
 “ tained in a voluntary and pleasurable
 “ Bondage as long as you preserve this
 “ mysterious Pledge of my Affection.
 “ Take the strictest Care therefore of this
 “ inestimable Treasure, for should you
 “ thro' Neglect be so unfortunate to lose
 “ it, CUPID has Wings, and will make
 “ use of them to leave you.” Let it be
 sufficient to say, that PSYCHE bound the
 Zone

Zone round her Waste, and accordingly so far succeeded in her Wishes, that HYMEN in his Saffron Robe soon pronounced a happy Union betwixt her and the Son of VENUS. Days, Weeks, and Months passed on in uninterrupted Circles of still increasing Raptures. If PSYCHE went into the Meadows and Groves to taste the Tribute of the returning Spring, CUPID was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her Lap with the choicest Flowers and Blossoms. If she was inclinable in the Heat of Summer to visit the Rivers and Fountains, his Image was constantly mixed with hers in the floating Mirror. PSYCHE began now to think her Zone useless, and a troublesome Incumbrance; therefore being one Day fatigued with the usual Sports of the Country, she loosened the golden Studs with which it was fastened round her Waist, and threw it disdainfully into the passing River. Very few Days passed after this, before she perceived a visible Alteration in the Affections of her adored CUPID; his Eyes no longer languished on hers with in-

88 L E T T E R XIII.

effable Desire; his Ears ceased, as they were wont, to be ravished with the Music of her Tongue; and a civil Indifference soon succeeded to the heretofore glowing Language of Extacy. By degrees her Company grew every Day more and more displeasing to him, till at length a total Disgust having seized his Fancy, he spread his rosy Wings in Air, and for ever left the detested Habitation of his once beloved PSYCHE.

Pray deliver my Congratulations upon this happy Occasion to ARISTUS yourself, and then I am sure they will not fail of being acceptable.

I am,

Dear LEONORA,

With the greatest Sincerity,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T -

L E T T E R X I V .

To the S A M E .

IT gave me uncommon Pleasure that my Fable of Admonition was so well received by you and ARISTUS. Indeed, LEONORA, I can never think my Time better spent, than when I am employed in the Promotion of Happiness in a Heart, so capable of every virtuous and elegant Sentiment as your own. I must confess, I had an Intention of sending you an Epithalamium on your Wedding Day, but when I began to express myself with the tenderest Concern, and most ardent Wishes for your Happiness; I found the Muses, who are habituated to Fiction, were so unpropitious to unpoetical Truth, that, at the Conclusion of two or three honest Stanzas, I was obliged to drop my Pen, and offer up, in the Room of it, a free Libation of the Tears of Joy to the God of Marriage. However, as it was not then in my Power to amuse you with any Poetry of my own Composition, I shall

[now

now take the Liberty to send you, without any Apology, an old Song, wrote above a hundred Years ago upon a similar Occasion, by the happy Bridegroom himself. And tho' this old Song has been so little heard of, and as yet introduced into no modern Collection, I dare venture to pronounce there is in it more genuine Poetry, easy Turn of Thought, Elegance of Diction, Delicacy of Sentiment, Tenderness of Heart, and natural Taste for Happiness, than in all the Compositions of this Sort, I ever read, in any Language. But as you and ARISTUS have the same way of thinking as this happy Bard, he'll presently raise by Sympathy an Admirer in each of your Breasts, and it is unnecessary for me to bespeak your Favour any farther.

A S O N G.

A S O N G.

I.

AWAY, let nought to Love displeasing,
My WINIFREDA, move thy Fear,
Let nought delay the heav'nly Blessing,
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Care.

II.

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors
With pompous Titles grace our Blood,
We'll shine in more substantial Honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

III.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish Bounty
No mighty Treasures we possess,
We'll find within our Pittance Plenty,
And be content without Excess.

IV.

Still shall each kind returning Season,
Sufficient for our Wishes give,
For we will live a Life of Reason,
And that's the only Life to live.

V.

Our Name, whilst Virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke,
And all the Great Ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little Folk.

VI. Thro'

VI.

Thro' Youth and Age in Love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,
 And Babes, sweet smiling Babes, our Bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty Creatures,
 Whilst round my Knees they fondly clung,
 To see 'em look their Mother's Features,
 To hear 'em lisp their Mother's Tongue !

VIII.

And when with Envy Time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our Joys,
 You'll in your Girls again be courted,
 And I go wooing in my Boys.

May all the Prophetic Feelings of
 future Joys contained in this Song fall
 to the Lot of you and Yours ! But above
 all, may sweet smiling Peace spread her
 Olive Branches over your Door, and
 yourselves those other *Olive Branches*
 round your Table !—My Spirits have
 been very low of late, which I attribute
 to beholding frequently some Objects of
 Distress about me. If therefore my Ma-
 lady

L E T T E R XIV. 93

lady is owing either to corporeal or mental Sympathy, I don't know where I can find a surer Remedy than under the same Roof with you and ARISTUS. So you may expect a Patient very soon. I am,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R X V .

T O E U P H E M I U S .

I HAVE been as often enraged, EUPHEMIUS, as yourself, at the trite, dull, and false Observation, often made by the half-witted Pretenders to Learning, that we have no poetical Genius left among us. How far this *tasteless* Prejudice against our own Times, may tend to extinguish what we have, I know not ; but certain I am, that, if this stupid Reverence for *whatever* was the Productions of our Ancestors, and the more irrational * and

indiscriminate neglect of our Contemporaries prevail, we shall be stigmatised by our more discerning Successors as the leaden Sons of BOEOTIA were of old. For my Part, I am of Opinion, that there is now living a Poet of as genuine a Genius as this Kingdom ever produced, SHAKESPEAR alone excepted. By poetical Genius, I don't mean the mere talent of *making Verses*, but that glorious Enthusiasm of Soul, that *fine Frenzy* in which the *Poet's Eye* rowling "glances from
 "Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Hea-
 "ven," as SHAKESPEAR feelingly describes it. This alone is Poetry, aught else is a mechanical Art of putting Syllables harmoniously together. The Gentleman I mean is DOCTOR AKINSIDE, the worthy Author of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, the most beautiful *didactic* Poem that ever adorned the English Language. Besides this Leader of the *Muse's Train*, we have others now living, who, in their respective Compositions, leave not only our deceased Poets, and those of *France* and *Italy* far behind them,

96 L E T T E R XV.

them, but even bear the Palm away
from their Competitors of ancient *Rome*;
and, as HOMER describes in his Games
the Steeds of DIOMEDES pressing close
on the Chariot of EUMELUS*,

“ (Close on EUMELUS’ Back they puff’d the Wind,
“ And seem’d just mounting on his Car behind,
“ Full on his Neck he feels the sultry Breeze,
“ And hov’ring o’er their stretching shadow sees.)

POPE’S *Transl.*

they breathe, in the Race, even on the
Shoulders of their *Grecian* Masters. I
should not hesitate a moment to prefer
the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*,
written by Mr. GRAY, of *Peter-House*
in *Cambridge*, to the best Performance,
in that kind, of OVID, TIBULLUS, or
PROPERTIUS. Has HORACE any Moral
Ode superior to Mr. NUGENT’S *Ode to*
MANKIND, or any descriptive one to
Mr. COLLINS’S *Ode to the EVENING*?
Mr. JOS. WARTON’S *Ode to FANCY*
would not suffer by the same Comparison.
Tho’ Mr. JOHNSON modestly calls his
incomparable Satire *on the Vanity of Human*

* *Iliad* ५.

Wishes,

Wishes, an Imitation of JUVENAL, I believe no Man of true Taste, and real Judgment would hesitate a Moment to prefer it to the Original. I should pay Mr. MASON no Compliment to compare all the Excellencies in SENECA together to his elegant ELFRIDA; nor do I think I should at all degrade the ATHENIAN Stage to say, that the Palm of *tragic* Glory hangs wav'ring betwixt the conjoined Merit of SOPHOCLES'S PHILOCTETES and the * OEDIPUS *Coloneus*, and this modern Tragedy, did not SHAKESPEAR, like a Champion of old inspired by all the Gods, step majestically in to bear it away by supernatural Power from the utmost Force of *human* Abilities. I dare say his MONODY *on the Death of Mr. POPE*, wherein he has imitated the Stile of four of our *English* Poets, has given you, and every Man of true Taste, more Pleasure than the joined Efforts of all the Wits in the celebrated Court of LEO, the Tenth†. There is another little Piece,

* I hope private Friendship does not prepossess my Judgment in thinking our Language will be enriched very soon, by an elegant Translation of SOPHOCLES, now preparing for the Public, by that worthy Man and ingenious Writer Mr. FRANKLIN, Professor of Greek in the University of CAMBRIDGE.

† These Imitations of the ancient Roman Poets FANNIUS

written by the same Author, which has no Rival in the Court of AUGUSTUS, entitled *an Ode to a Water Nymph*. Mr. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Mr. DYER, Mr. JENNINGS, and several other Gentlemen, have given sufficient Proofs of Talents, which, did a proper Disposition of the Times, to admire this fine Art, call forth their utmost Powers, would arrive at a GRECIAN Perfection. These Opinions, you'll say, are very bold ones to give under my Hand: but as I think I can support them by just Criticism, I shall not fear the misplaced Imputation of being *particular*, for I am sure I shall not stand alone in my Judgment. I dare say AMELIA will be pleased at my *warm* Defence of her favorite Poets, and pray tell her I shall esteem her Approbation equal to the Applause of the *French Academy* of Sciences, and would prefer to being a Member of that illustrious Society the pleasure of subscribing myself hers and

Your, &c. &c.

ANUS STRADA has preserved in his *Academical Prolusions*, where the Stiles of LUCAN, LUCRETIVS, CLAUDIAN, OVID, STATIUS, and VIRGIL, are imitated by JANUS PARNASIUS, PETER BEMBO, BALTHASAR CASTILIONIVS, HERCVLES STROZZA, JOVIANVS PONTANVS, and ANDREAS NAUGERIUS, as he latinizes their Names. Lib. 2. Proluf. 6.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R XVI.

TO PHILETHES.

FOND as I am PHILETHES, of the Entertainment of the Theatre, believe me I have lately received an Addition to this favourite Pleasure, and such a one as you would have participated in very greatly with me. This was no less than a total Victory over that inveterate Prejudice of our old Acquaintance MILOTOS, who (like the old Debauchée in GIL BLAS that thought the Works even of Nature daily decay'd) has so frequently maintained that the Faculties of Mankind are much 'inferior to what they were in the last Generation. The old Gentleman, you know, till this Winter, has not been in Town these twenty Years, and consequently totally ignorant of the last Restoration of Nature in the Representation of Tragedy. When I mentioned my desire of waiting on him.

to the Play, he assented to my Proposal with his usual Chearfulness, but at the same time spoke with wonderful Rapture of BETTERTON, POWELL and VERBRUGGEN, and seemed to insinuate, that he should necessarily triumph in the Superiority of his Contemporaries over the modern Heroes of the Buskin. But judge what was my Satisfaction after the Play was over at his Pleasurable Disappointment, when he ingenuously confess'd, that GARRICK was not only the best Actor he ever saw, but even exceeded the utmost Conceptions he had formed of Theatrical Excellence. It has been a peculiar Misfortune in the Representation of Modern Tragedy, that the Subjects of it, by being mostly royal Personages, were removed by their Rank from the common Observation of Mankind; so that our first Players, being totally unacquainted with the Characters, perhaps notably imagined that Princes were of a superior Species to their Subjects, and therefore as BAYS made his Spirits talk unintelligibly, they thought their imaginary Heroes
(which

(which they had as little Conception of as the *Rehearsal* Poet had of ærial Beings) should mouth every Sentence inarticulately. The Generality of Audiences are no more conversant with the Originals than the Players themselves; so they took this preternatural Way of speaking as inseparable from the Character of Majesty, till by Degrees, as PRIOR observes upon another Occasion,

“ Custom confirm’d what Fancy had begun.”

and the deep-toned Monotony became the solemn Manner of *speaking* Tragedy. This was the Situation in which this great Genius found the Stage about fourteen Years ago, who, being blest with every internal and external Qualification for representing human kind in all its Subordinations; having, on the one hand, a sound Judgment, an elegant Taste, a lively Fancy, with the most penetrating discernment into the inmost Recesses of the Heart; and, on the other, an Expressive Countenance, an Eye full of Lustre, a fine Ear, a most

musical and articulate Voice, with an uncommon Power to modulate it with ease to every Transition of Passion, he restored Nature to her lost Empire upon the Stage, and taught us by the Conviction of our sympathizing Souls, that Kings themselves were *Men*, and *felt* like the rest of their Species.—From a Line in HORACE's Epistle to AUGUSTUS, I am inclinable to think that ROSCIUS was among the *Romans* what GARRICK is among us, and that QUIN likewise in Contradistinction may be considered as the Modern ÆSOPUS.

Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.

In this place the Epithet *doctus* contrasted to *gravis*, the deep Cadence of ÆSOP, means that ROSCIUS was *skilful* in the Transition from one Passion to another, and had a wonderful Happiness in accommodating himself to a Variety of Characters in Tragedy; whereas ÆSOPUS was suited only, by his sonorous full Voice and graver Action, to one particular Species of Character.

Characters. The Epithet *gravis*, applied to *Æsopus*, has led the Commentators into a Mistake concerning the Talents of *Roscius*: they imagine, because the one is called the *deep-cadenc'd* Actor, that the other in Contradistinction must have been *only* an Actor of Comedies. Their Authority for such a Supposition seems to be this Sentence of *QUINCTILIAN*: *Roscius citatior, Æsopus gravior, quod ille comœdias, hic tragœdias egit* *. But *QUINCTILIAN*, considering the distance of Time he lived in from these famous Players, might possibly know as little of the Matter as themselves; but that they were both mistaken in this Point may be collected from *TULLY*, their Cotemporary, who celebrates his inimitable Action as a Tragic Player in the third Book *De Oratore*, as he had occasionally instanc'd him, in the preceding Books upon the same Subject, as the faultless Pattern for the Representation of human Nature in its comic Moods. So

* Lib. xi. chap. 3.

excellent was this great Man in the Scenic Art, that his Name at length became, as we learn from the same Author, the Proverbial Criterion of Perfection in every Art and Science; inso-much that whoever grew remarkably eminent in any, was call'd the Roscius of his Profession. *Itaque hoc jamdiu est consecutus, ut, in quo quisque artificio excelleret, is in suo genere ROSCIUS diceretur* *. Considering the Delight and Use that accrue to a rational Creature, from observing a natural Representation of the Passions by which his own Species is perpetually agitated, and consequently the Effect that a well-regulated Stage must have upon the Taste of a whole Nation, I am pleas'd that both the Roman and English Roscius have been so highly applauded and esteemed in their respective Countries, and that the greatest Men in both have not only been enchanted with them upon the Stage, but have taken Delight to rank them among their Friends in private Society.—I have much to say

* Cicer. de Orat. lib. 1.

L E T T E R XVI. 105

to you about some *Italian Buffoonry* they are exhibiting at one of our Theatres, but shall reserve that till I have the Pleasure of seeing you, which, I have the Satisfaction to hear, will be very soon.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

TO EUGENIO.

GREAT is the Joy I feel, EUGENIO, that you so highly relish the Conversation of my Friend EUPHEMIUS, more especially too as I was the fortunate Person who introduced you to each other, for which, I must insist upon it, you are both of you greatly indebted to me. I think indeed EUPHEMIUS is blessed with a Grace in Conversation, and a *Taste* in Society, superior to any Man with whom I ever had the Happiness of being acquainted. There arises from the Vivacity of his Fancy, the Delicacy of his Sentiments, and the beautiful tho' unaffected Arrangement of his Words, delivered with a Freedom of Countenance and Sweetness of Voice, such an inexpressible Charm as pleasingly bewitches the Attention of all who hear him. He can descant upon serious Affairs with the most becoming

Air

Air of Gravity and Consideration, without the least Mixture of Austerity or Philosophical Affectation; and in the more easy Hours of social Pleasure, he can raise innocent and instructive Mirth from the slightest Accident that happens, and convert the most common Subjects into a thousand Turns of Wit and Humour. One would imagine that SHAKESPEAR had been acquainted intimately with such a Man, when he drew in so lively a manner the Character of BIRON in his *Love's Labour's lost*.

“ ——— A merrier Man,
 “ Within the Limits of becoming Mirth,
 “ I never spent an Hour's Talk withal.
 “ His Eye begets Occasion for his Wit;
 “ For ev'ry Object that the one doth catch,
 “ The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jest,
 “ Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expofitor)
 “ Delivers in such *apt* and *gracious* Words,
 “ That aged Ears play Truant at his Tales,
 “ And younger Hearings are quite ravished;
 “ So sweet and voluble is his Discourse.”

A&I.

But his chief Excellence consists in addressing

dreſſing the Fair, when I have heard flow
from him, as HOMER phrases it,

— ἔπει νιφεδεσσιν εἰκότεα χιμυραίνουσιν.

Iliad. lib. γ. lin. 222.

or, as Mr. POPE translates it, [Words]

“ Soft as the Fleeces of descending Snows,”

which beautiful Expression DRYDEN has
copied and greatly improved, when he
applies it to the soft Subject I am speaking
of, making LEONORA, in his *Spanish
Fryar*, describe the Addressees of TORRIS-
MOND in the following manner ;

“ But when he spoke what tender Words he said,

“ So softly, that like Flakes of feather’d Snow

“ They *melted* as they fell.”

A& I.

This softly Breathing the Fervor of one
Soul into another, is an Art in which
EUPHEMIUS is so happily skilled, that
Insensibility herself, in the shape of a Wo-
man, would almost lose her Nature in
hearing him, and perceive the pleasing
Infection, would he attempt the Miracle.
I have often observed, that this enchanting
turn in Conversation prevails only in those

of our own Sex, who have conversed much with the more sensible Part of the other. OTWAY justly says,

“ We had been Brutes without them ;”

for let a Man's Erudition be ever so profound, his Fancy lively, and Judgment solid, this Grace, which is not to be described, will be wanting, if his Soul has not been refined, and his Tongue attuned to this sweet Melody by an habitual Intercourse with these fair Preceptors.—We are told that VOITURE was as remarkably happy in Conversation as in his epistolary Writings. This must be attributed to his Intimacy with Mesdemoiselles PAULET and RAMBOUILLET, and the Countess DE SABLE, more than to the Advantage of being a Friend to the learned COSTAR. A Comparison of this Author's Letters with those of his Rival BALSAC, plainly evinces the Truth of this Observation. The easy Air, the happy Sprightliness, and elegant Turn of Expression in the Compositions of the former, discover the Man of the World educated in Courts, and polished by that
advantage.

110 L E T T E R XVII.

advantageous Collision with the brightest Part of our Species; whilst laboured Language, and an Affectation in Sentiment, inform us frequently, without the help of History, that the other led the Life of a Recluse in the Country. Hence it appears from the different Productions of two Geniuses of equal *natural* Talents, that more Taste and Elegance in Writing is to be acquired in a circle of Beauties at PARIS, than in a *learned* Society of Capuchins in a Convent at ANGOULEME.

—— Pray tell the Ladies at —— that I am now more desirous than ever to get a Corner in your Heart, as I would have every Place open to me where they enter; especially where they *reign* with such unlimited Power. This you owe me; for you can never make more room for me there, than you will find for yourself in the Heart of

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R XVIII.

TO ARISTUS.

I HAVE spent the last Week, ARISTUS, in the highest Luxury a human Soul is capable of receiving. I need not explain what that Luxury was, when I inform you that I have been with that truly great Man AGATHOCLES at his delightful Seat in the Country; whose Accomplishments and refined Humanity ennoble him infinitely more than that high Rank he inherits from a Race of unsullied Ancestors. Tho' AGATHOCLES was born to the first Honours a Subject can enjoy, supported by a Fortune few under Princes possess, he neither does, nor has occasion to value himself upon either, any farther than they empower him to gratify that most exquisite of all Sensations, which the glowing Heart receives in relieving our Fellow-Creatures. Did the Great consider that they might descend, like the
Dew

Dew of Heaven, to cherish desponding Merit, to comfort the Afflicted, to protect and redress the Injured, and to support with chearful Sustainance the helpless Poor, surely this Imitation of the most amiable Attribute belonging to the ALMIGHTY, is more worthy of their Ambition than all the mighty Titles the fawning East bestows on it's haughty Monarchs. The most glorious Character in all the *Mahometan* History is that of OMAR, the ninth Caliph of the Race of MERWAN. His Life was one continued Act of Charity and Benevolence; a happy Prelude of his Reign was seen at his Coronation, for History tells us that he gave from off his Back, as soon as the Ceremony of the Inauguration was over, his Imperial Robe adorned with Jewels of an immense Value, even as he was descending down the Steps from the Throne, as an Alms to be distributed among the Indigent. O ARISTUS, I more envy OMAR this humane Sacrifice of Grandeur to Benevolence, (for the Action may be considered thus emblematically) than

than the dazzling Splendor of all the Lords of the vast OTTOMAN Empire!

—— But to return to AGATHOCLES. Whilst I was at his Castle, which, like the Queen of the Country, overlooks the Subject Vales around it, I thought myself, from the lofty Situation of the Place, and the uncommon Goodness that perpetually reigned there, in Company with a Being of a superior Order; or not unlike to our first Parent, as described by MILTON, on the Top of a high Mountain, receiving Instruction from the Angel MICHAEL: and indeed, often having entertained my Senses with the most desirable Productions of Art and Science, and my Heart with the Contemplation of Goodness, I could not refrain from bursting out into poor EVE's Exclamation,

“ How shall I part and whither wander down

“ Into a lower World; to this obscure,

“ And wild? how shall I breathe in other Air

“ Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

Parad. Lost, Book the xi.

Tho' the Taste of this great Man is truly noble and refined in imparadising

I

(if

(if I may use the Word) the Region round him ; in the Collection of his Pictures ; in the Oeconomy of his Family ; and the Choice of his Pleasures ; a Taste for a superior Accomplishment, I mean that *Grace* with which he accompanies every Word or Act of Benevolence, attracts the more particular Regard of Mankind, yet leaves them in Suspence to decide which is most lovely, the Deed of Goodness, or the Manner of performing it. Without this happy Talent, Munificence stabs a Dagger into the Breast of those she intends to relieve, with one Hand, while she displays her Bounty with the other. This will be fully exemplified in the following short Story. PANDOLFO MALATESTA the Sovereign of REMINI, in the time of Pope ALEXANDER VIth, was the richest Prince in *Italy*, who, after having spent a despicable Life in the Arms of Luxury, was reduced, by a merited reverse of Fortune, to seek for an Asylum at last in a common Hospital at *Bologna*. The Account goes, that this Tyrant, for such he was, being expelled from his Dominions,

nions, and persecuted by his Enemies, in Pain and Want fled to the above-mentioned City, where at that very Time dwelt a Nobleman named PIETRO DEL SACCIO, a Native of *Remini*, who some few Years before had been driven from his Country by the Tyranny of MALATESTA, who unjustly seized upon all his Possessions in that Principality, and put many of his Family to the Sword. When Word was brought to this Nobleman, that the late Usurper was now in his Power, and that he might revenge those Injuries by delivering him up to CÆSAR BORGIA, or by killing him with his own Hand, the exasperated *Italian* with ingenious Malice replied, " Yes, I will now fully revenge the " Injuries I have sustained ; I will do " more than kill PANDOLFO, for I will " order him to be carried to the Hos- " pital I endowed myself, and let the " Tyrant know that the wretched Means " of protracting a miserable Being, is " owing to the Bounty of PIETRO DEL " SACCIO." — Such Cruelty will always attend ill-conducted Bounty, however

otherwise intended ! Yet methinks Nature leads us so strongly to administer every Application of Humanity, with that *lenient* Hand so requisite to make even Relief acceptable to an ingenuous Mind, that I wonder a proper Manner does not always accompany a benevolent Action ; nay, farther, I am inclinable to think, where it does not, the Deed cannot proceed from a tender Sympathy of a Fellow-Creature's Distress, but from an Ostentation of superfluous Possessions. Of all Taste may Heaven bestow on me chiefly this ! that when I rock the Cradle of the Orphan, or wipe the gushing Tear from the Eyes of the Widow, I may administer both in so silent a manner, that neither they should feel the Pain of receiving, nor the tainting Breath of the World's Promulgation disturb the quiet Purpose of my Heart, brooding over it's unspeakable Transport in sacred Secrecy ! My Love to LEONORA, to whom I ought to add something in Answer to her last Letter ; but Ideas of Compassion are now work'd up so strongly in my Mind,
and

L E T T E R XVIII. 117

and those *Dew-drops of Tendernefs*, as she called them (when I wept over the little Foundling nursed at a neighbouring Cottage) rise so plentifully, that I must abruptly subscribe myself

Your, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

TO CRITOPHILUS.

I VERY readily concur in your Opinion, CRITOPHILUS, that a Work of Criticism is the most difficult to be executed with a proper Taste of any literary Composition whatever. There is something so repugnant to the Pride of Mankind in general, something so detractive from the supposed Sagacity of every Reader to pretend to inform by the dry Method of Precept, that except an Author has all the Delicacy and artful Address imaginable, to seem to *accompany* the Judgments of those he writes for, rather than to *lead* them into Discoveries, in such a Performance, he will meet with that kind of contemptuous Treatment, which those good-natured People receive, who are ready to give their unasked Advice in the common Concerns of Life upon every Occasion. It is highly necessary therefore, in such kind of Writings, to *sacrifice liberally to the GRACES*, without whose Inspiration

spiration Learning will there degenerate into Pedantry, and the Precepts even of Wisdom pass unrelished. An Author of a didactic Piece cannot be too circumspect, not only in the pleasing Manner of addressing his Reader, but in the inferior Parts too of Composition, that the Choice of his Words, and the Arrangement of his Periods, may adorn, and not degrade the Delicacy of his Subject. For want of this Refinement we have many lamentable Instances of able Scholars having succeeded very ill in Works, where they have betrayed the greatest want of Taste and Genius, whilst they were unfortunately laborious in endeavouring to point out those Excellencies in others. I need go no farther for a Proof of this than Mr. ANTHONY BLACKWALL'S * *Introduction to the Classics*. This Man was what is generally called a good Scholar, that is, he was grammatically Master of the two dead Languages *Greek* and *Latin*, and had read over all the ancient Authors in both; but not having by Nature or Acquisition that

* He was a Schoolmaster at *Derby*. His Book was published in 1718.

happy Taste of distinguishing Beauties, nor a Digestion (if I may so say) to assimilate the Sense of others into his own Understanding, his Conceptions were as crude as his Address and Style were unpleasing. I remember the good old School-master, for such he was, in one place informs us, speaking of HERODOTUS and LIVY, that “ these two Princes of *Greek* “ and *Roman* History, *tell a Story*, and “ *make up* a Description with inexpressible “ Grace; and so delicately *mix great* and “ *little* Circumstances, that there is both “ the utmost Dignity and Pleasure in “ it*.” I leave you to animadvert on the Grossness of these Metaphors, and pass on to a Specimen both of wretched Writing, and undistinguishing Taste. Having spoke much about the Insufficiency of modern Translators, to give us the Sense of ancient Authors, he goes on thus: “ Besides the “ weakening of the Sense (tho’ that be “ far the most important Consideration) “ *Greek* and *Latin* have such a noble “ *Harmony of Sound*, such Force and Dignity of Numbers, and such Delicacy of

* Introd. to the Class. p. 36.

“ turn

“ turn in the Periods, that cannot entirely
 “ be preserved in any Language in the
 “ World. The *two Languages are so*
 “ *peculiarly susceptible* of all the Graces
 “ of Wit and Elocution, that they are
 “ read with more Pleasure and lively
 “ Gust, and consequently with more
 “ Advantage, than the most perfect Tran-
 “ slation the ablest Genius can compose,
 “ or the strongest modern Language can
 “ bear *.” Now besides the aukward
 Diction, and unharmonious Close of the
 Period, (two Faults he reasonably might
 be expected to avoid, when the justly ad-
 mired Ancients were so strongly in his
 Mind) he has huddled together his undis-
 tinguished Commendations of the *Greek*
 and *Latin*, and so unjustly given the Pre-
 ference of the latter to our own copious
 Language, with that trite profound air of
 ridiculous Erudition, as must unavoidably
 have those Effects upon his different Read-
 ers, which Mr. POPE describes in his in-
 comparable *Essay on Criticism*,
 “ Such labour’d nothings in so grave a Stile,
 “ Amaze th’ unlearn’d, and make the learned smile.”

* Ibid. p. 57.

But

But let the Peace of Dulness brood over such Lumber, and let us turn our Eyes to a more delightful Object, the Revival of the true Spirit of ancient Criticism in the Works of some illustrious modern Geniuses, who tread in the Steps of their ador'd Masters as far as they went, and then penetrate deeper into the Laurel Grove of Science than any of their Predecessors ever ventured. The first I shall mention is the great Author * of *Reflections Critiques sur la Peinture et la Poesie*; a Work, which, in the Hands of an ordinary Writer, would have been an unentertaining String of dry Reflections upon those Arts only, but under the Magic of his masterly Pen, comprehends the most judicious Observations upon every Idea of the human Mind, in each simple and complicated Appearance. The next is the ingenious Author of the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of HOMER* †, in which he has clearly demonstrated by irrefragable Reasons, drawn from a Conjunction of moral and natural

* Monfr. l'Abbé du Bos.

† Mr. BL. ——— a Scotch Gentleman, who labours under the misfortune to have a similar Name to the Schoolmaster above-cited.

Causés,

Causes, that such a Poet never could arise since him in the space of two thousand seven hundred Years, for want of that happy Concurrence of Circumstances, without which even this immortal Genius himself might have been in an inferior Rank of the Muses Train. The latest that has improved our Taste and enriched our Language, is the elegant Writer * of those *instructive Notes*, and entertaining *Commentary on HORACE's* two critical Epistles, the one to the PISOS, commonly called the *Art of Poetry*, the other to AUGUSTUS; to the latter of which is subjoined a *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, wherein he has nobly defended the Cause of congenial Fancies in all Ages, against the ill-grounded Clamor of popular Ignorance and Envy, with the deep Spirit of Philosophy, and the warm Zeal of a Lover. — We find in the Works of these great Men, a pleasing Power of rendering every Subject interesting to the human Heart, by bringing home to our Breasts Objects seemingly the most remote, and uniting a Train of captivating

* Mr. H—— of Emanuel College, Cambridge.
Circum.

Circumstances, arising naturally out of their Plans, which animates all their Writings, not unlike the amiable Group of Figures in one of POUSSIN's Landscapes, which gives a silent Lesson of Morality unawares to the Beholder, who no more than the Shepherds in the Picture *, imagined to find, in that *Arcadian* Scene, any thing but shady Groves, clear Foun-

* The Picture here hinted at is described by the ingenious ABBÉ DU BOS above-mentioned, which I will give the Reader in his own Words. After having observed that it was a Landscape in ancient ARCADIA, he continues ; “ Le tableau dont je parle représente le paysage d’une contrée riante. Au milieu l’on voit le monument d’une jeune fille morte à la fleur de son âge : c’est ce qu’on connoit par la Statue de cette fille couchée sur le tombeau à la manière des anciens. L’inscription Sepulchrale n’est que quatre mots latins : Je vivois cependant in Arcadie, *et in Arcadia* ego. Mais cette inscription si courte fait faire les plus sérieuses réflexions à deux jeunes garçons et à deux jeunes filles parées de guirlandes de fleurs, et qui paroissent avoir rencontré ce monument si triste en des lieux où l’on devine bien qu’ils ne cherchoient pas un objet affligeant. Un d’entre eux fait remarquer aux autres cette inscription en la montrant du doigt, et l’on ne voit plus sur leur visage, à travers l’affliction qui s’en empare, que les restes d’une joye expirante. On s’imagine entendre les réflexions de ces jeunes personnes sur la morte qui n’épargne ni l’âge ni la beauté, et contre laquelle les plus heureux climats n’ont point d’azile. On se figure ce qu’elles vont se dire de touchant lorsqu’elles seront revenues de la première surprise, et l’on l’applique à soi-même et à ceux pour qui l’on s’intéresse.”

Refl. Crit. Sect. VI.

tains

tains, verdant Meadows, and other common Assemblages of a rural Prospect.—I am much obliged to you for your ingenious Observations upon that ancient Sepulchral Inscription I lately sent you; nor would I have you ashamed if hereafter it should prove the ingenious Imitation of some Modern; for you know the great SCALIGER himself was imposed upon in this manner by MURET, which was acknowledged by all the Learned to be a greater Proof of the Abilities of the latter, than of the want of any critical Acumen in the former. I shall expect to meet you at the Grand Emporium very soon, therefore shall add no more than that I am

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R X X .

T O E U P H E M I U S .

JOY to the World, EUPHEMIUS, that a fresh Spring of almost inexhaustible Pleasure is opened, now a mythological Key is given to the Wisdom of the Ancients. But I little thought, when I sent you the ingenious Professor's Book *, that I should embarrass myself in a cruel Alternative, either of denying a Request of your's on one hand, or of exposing my want of Abilities to you in attempting to comply with

the Ancients, would hold good that I should turn the Tables upon you, and leave the Task in far abler Hands: for the ingenious Observations you made, whilst we were reading over together the four first Books of DIODORUS SICULUS, convince me I should spend my Time more usefully in reading an entertaining Fable of yours on this Subject, than in attempting to compose one myself. But as the Friendship subsisting betwixt us demands that I should run the hazard of giving you a disadvantageous Opinion of my Capacity, rather than of my Inclination to satisfy your Desire, I will endeavour to recall some Idea of that Philosophical Spirit which discovers itself in all your Reflections upon the Compositions of the Ancients, and entertain you, as Dependents upon great Men do their Patrons, with a Banquet of your own providing.

In a Cave of a Mountain in the Island of CRETE dwelt a Nymph called CONTEMPLATION, sprung, as the *Mythologists* report, from JUPITER, the greatest of the
 Gods,

Gods; for, according to their Accounts, she was conceived and leapt forth from the Brain of her Cœlestial Parent, as PALLAS did, whilst he was deeply attentive in beholding the Beauties of the Creation. In this sacred Retirement the Nymph had lived many Ages, whither several ancient Poets, Heroes, Philosophers, and Legislators frequently resorted, for no one ever left her without receiving the utmost Happiness from her divine Precepts. As APOLLO was wandering one Day over the Top of this Mountain, he chanced to light upon this heavenly Maid, whilst she was busied in her usual Employment of meditating on this stupendous System, and the divine Perfections of the great Creator of the World. Smit with her Charms, he immediately descended into the Cave, and having enjoyed her, she bore him a Son, whom the God named EUDOXUS, alluding to the noble Ideas which filled the Mother's Mind when he first beheld her. 'Tis said, as the Nymph CONTEMPLATION was one Night counting the Stars, and

describing on the Sand with a Wand their different Situations and Motions, having left the Child not far off on a Bed of Violets, that the Nightingale came and covered him with Laurel Leaves, and lulled him to Sleep with the Melody of her Song, softly modulated to the tender Ear of the list'ning Infant. About this Time the DELPHIAN ORACLE declared that a Ray of Light was descended from the SUN, and being discerped from that mighty Luminary should be spread all over *Greece, Italy, and Part of Asia-Minor* for many Ages. When EUDOXUS had passed the Years of Childhood, APOLLO being desirous not only to instruct him in the abstruser Knowledge of his Mother, but to unite in his Education a thorough Relish of such other Arts and Sciences, as might render him a Benefactor to Mankind in general, and his favourite Nation the *Greeks* in particular, he took the Boy to his own beloved Seat of Retirement, and committed his Darling Charge to the Care of the NINE MUSES, and their Sisters the Heavenly GRACES.

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Here

Here EUDOXUS was instructed, first how the Great ARCHITECT of the Creation divided the warring Elements, and out of CHAOS formed by his Plastic Mandate the unmeasurable Frame of this stupendous Universe. Next, how the refulgent Source of Light and Heat, the Sun, sprung thro' the blue Serene of Heaven, and being fixed immoveable in the Center of all, drew round his glorious Orb those inferior Globes, whose certain and unerring Courses, in unchangeable Periods of Time, form that ætherial Harmony imperceptible to all Beings but the Inhabitants of Heaven. Then he was told how the oblique Position of this our Earth in its annual Progress caused the Delightful Revolutions of Seasons; how the soft descending Rains and genial Warmth of Spring, opened the relenting Earth, called forth the infant Buds, and afterwards unfolded all the vegetable Pride of Flowers and Blossoms; how the more perpendicular Rays of Heat ripened the rising Harvest in Summer; how Autumn gloried in the regal Hue of it's purple Vintage;

Vintage; and lastly, how the sterile Winter itself was as useful to Mortals as the other teeming Seasons, by affording in its cold Embraces the requisite Rest to the sleeping Vegetables, which thereby gain fresh Vigour to renew their Species, and to perpetuate Sustenance to all Animals, in the same Rotation, till Time shall be no more. From this general Knowledge of Nature, he was led to enquire into the Construction of particular Parts, the Bodies of Animals, and especially those of the human Race; to discover the Causes of Pain and Disease, and by what Methods to restore them to their pristine Beauty and internal Harmony called Health, and to recall the natural original Sensations of Ease and Pleasure. When the DAUGHTERS of MEMORY had fully instructed EUDOXUS, as APOLLO had directed them, in every Branch of this Knowledge, they brought him by degrees to conceive that an æthereal Spirit was for a while united with the human Body; how it was agitated by different Passions whilst in this Conjunction;

tion; and then after Solution, the Body should return to its kindred Dust, out of which it was formed, and the Soul to a separate State of Happiness or Misery, according as it acted in this probationary State on Earth. Having taken this View of Man in the abstract with all his Wants and Infirmities, the Muses, last of all, gave their Disciple a thorough Insight into the human Race in Society, where, by the Goodness of the first Author of all Things, these very Deficiencies of Individuals united the whole Species, and the mutual Supply of each others Wants linked all Degrees into one irrefragable Chain together, each different Part of which reciprocally depended upon the other, from the Beginning to the End. They taught him too, by way of Amusement, the Use and Power of Music, Painting, and Poetry, the first of which could assuage mental Agony; the second revive past Pleasures in beholding beautiful Objects; and the third inspire by a true Love of Virtue, by perpetuating the rever'd Memory of those who had been Ornaments to our Species.

EUDOXUS,

EUDOXUS, being at length quite accomplished in every Art and Science, became enamoured of one of the GRACES, who returned his Passion with mutual Ardor. One Day they took an Opportunity, whilst the other two were busied in sporting with FLORA and her train of ZEPHYRS, to gratify their Desires in a Cave of Mount IDA. The Offspring of their Embraces was a Daughter, whom the fond Parents named CALOCAGATHIA. This Nymph, who inherited all the Knowledge of her Father, and all the *Charms* of her Mother, became, as she grew up, the chief Favourite both of Gods and Men. In the cœlestial Banquets she always sat next to VENUS, and on Earth had the Honour attributed to her of inspiring whatever was uncommonly beautiful in Morals, Arts, and Sciences.

In this manner, my dear EUPHEMIUS, the ancient Mythologists would have drawn the Genealogy of TASTE, making her the Daughter of one of the GRACES, begot by KNOWLEDGE, who was the Son of CONTEMPLATION. the Truth of this

134 L E T T E R XX.

figurative Representation you may easily prove by comparing it with the History of your own Mind, where you can trace the Goddess from her Birth, to the full Charms of her ripest Age. Adieu, my Friend, and may she still attend you thro' Life in every Pursuit, whether in Arts, Sciences, Morals, or Religion. I am

Your, &c. &c.

The End of the LETTERS.

E S S A Y S

O N

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.



ESSAYS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

ESSAY I.

On EDUCATION.

LIFE, as CEBES * paints it, is a large Mansion, and Infancy the Entrance into it, where ten thousand *Fancies* and *Opinions* of different kinds are continually waiting to allure every new Comer to their respective Apartments: 'tis the Duty therefore of Parents, like the good Genius he describes, to inform them which of

* In the mythological Picture.

these

these are invested with true, and which with fallacious Appearances. But there is a Defect too often in the manner used to attain this desirable End ; for Austerity and Rigour are indiscriminately exerted toward the Good and the Bad, the Generous and the Froward ; so that very frequently the Punishments which are intended to drive them by Force from Vice, give them a Disgust to Virtue, which, properly recommended, has Charms sufficient, when known, to attract the Mind without any *secondary* Motive.

In that polite Age, when *Greece* was in all her Glory, there lived at *Athens* a noble Citizen named DEMOCRITUS ; whom Affluence of Fortune, Generosity of Temper, and Extent of Knowledge, made the Delight of the Poor, an Example to the Rich, a Benefactor to the Distressed, and an Ornament to his Country. But amidst all the Blessings Power and Virtue could bestow, he was suddenly rendered the most miserable of Men, by the Death of his Wife ASPASIA, who dying in Childbed, left him the Consolation alone of being Father to an Infant which

which was a living Image of its deceased Mother. It was a long time before his Philosophy could get the better of his immoderate Grief; but his Passion being allayed by Degrees, he resumed the Man, and submitted again to the Dictates of Reason. His Thoughts now wholly turned on the Education of his Son EUPHEMION (for so he called the Boy) whose very dawn of Infancy promised the greatest Splendor; but considering that the Vivacity of his Temper would greatly expose him to the Seductions of the World, he would often, as the Child sat playing on his Lap, mix an anxious Tear with the Smiles of paternal Pleasure. When EUPHEMION was past his Childhood, the prudent DEMOCRITUS thought of an Expedient to make Pleasure the Passage to Virtue, as Virtue was the only one to *real* Pleasure; for knowing, from his own past Conduct, the Propensity of Youth to Voluptuousness, he made *that* the Enforcement of his Precepts, which generally is the Bane to all Morality. As they were walking together in a Gallery of Pictures, Behold, my Son, says the Father, (observing

serving his Inclination to Women) that Representation of perfect Beauty embracing with no small Extacy a young Man that kneels before her. Methinks, cries *Euphemion*, interrupting him, I can read in the Painting the greatest Transport of Soul; and sure he has sufficient Reason to appear so enraptured, when the Master-piece of Heaven is in his Possession. You speak, continues *Democritus*, as if you envied his Situation, and with too much Warmth and Enthusiasm, of Objects that are so easily to be obtained. To be obtained! replied *Euphemion*; by what Means, and by whom? If it is in my Power, O tell me the Way, for it will make your Son the happiest of Mortals. Alas! said the Father, sighing, I'm afraid the Impatience of your Temper will never suffer you to undergo the Self-denial and Delay that is requisite before you can arrive at such a height of Felicity. The Boy still urging his Request with more Vehemence than ever, *Democritus* began in the following Manner. Since you press me so earnestly to instruct you in a Mystery that if observed will procure you an Original equal
to

to that Representation, you must be very cautious, when once you are initiated, not to deviate in the least from the divine Institution, nor to divulge the Secret; for the Delinquent, in such Cases, is always punished with Death, by the Deity to whom the Temple of those Rites are dedicated. The Story then, which never is told to any but those who are resolved to follow the great Example, is this. The young Man you see there was a Native of *Cyprus*, who, being extremely addicted to Women, fell desperately in Love with an ideal Beauty, the Offspring of his own Imagination. As he was sitting one Day by the side of a Fountain, sighing for the visionary Object of his Desires, he fell asleep, and dreamt that *DIANA* descended to him from a Cloud, and promised him the actual Enjoyment of his Wishes, provided he retired immediately to *Ephesus*, and during the Space of four Years lived in Chastity, and applied himself to the Cultivation of his Mind, according to the Precepts of Philosophy. The Vision seemed so strong to the young Lover, that he complied with the celestial Admo-

Admonition, and banishing from his Thoughts, as soon as possible, all voluptuous Desires, he repaired to the Place where the Goddess commanded him to go. At the End of four Years, when he had faithfully compleated the probationary State, he was transported back again in his Sleep to the Fountain where he first saw the Deity, and awakening suddenly, found, to his no small Surprise, that beautiful Virgin, the Reward of his Labours, embracing him in the Manner described by the Artist. This, my Son, afterwards became a religious Mystery, and is (since you are acquainted with the Rise of it) the Test which you must now inevitably undergo. Divest yourself therefore for a while of all the Affections which you have hitherto contracted, and vie with the resolute *Cyprian*, that you may participate his Bliss. EUPHEMION, who was all this Time attentive to what his Father said, could not help expressing some Concern at so severe an Injunction; however, recollecting that he was only to curb his Passion for the present, in order to give a greater Loofe to it hereafter, he resolved

resolved from that Hour to begin the Trial. Accordingly, at the Age of fifteen he retired from all Objects that might in the least tend to divert his Mind from Philosophy. The first Year was spent in continual Struggles between Passion and Reason ; the second made his solitary Life somewhat more agreeable ; the third afforded real Pleasure in the Pursuit, exclusive of the Object pursued ; and the fourth compleated the happy Delusion, to render him, by habitual Study, entirely Master of himself. At the Expiration of the Term, he seemed very little solicitous about the Original Inducement ; but recollecting some Circumstances of the promised *Fair*, he enquired of his Father one Day, in a ludicrous Manner, when he should possess the Nymph in reward of his Labours. To which DEMOCRITUS replied : My Son, the Account I gave you of the *Cyprian*, as you seem already to understand, was entirely fabulous ; the whole Picture is an ingenious Allegory. I used this Device to lead you imperceptibly into the Path of true Pleasure, and to make your Life an Explanation of those

two

two Figures. The one is supposed to be *Happiness*, the Daughter of *Virtue* and *Moderation*; the other the Emblem of human Life courting her Embrace, whom she never fails to caress with mutual Affection, when conducted by her celestial Parents. You expected only a fugitive Pleasure, as the Recompence of your Perseverance, but are now in Possession of a permanent one, that will attend you through Life with unchangeable Fidelity.

E S S A Y II.

On the P O W E R of H A B I T.

Ægro in corde senescit. Juv.

AMONG the many ingenious Essays, that have been written upon Education, it has often surpris'd me, not to find a greater Stress laid upon the Danger of contracting ill Habits, which, once acquired, survive the Passions which originally created them, and even govern Reason herself, after those rebellious Subjects have been brought to Obedience. Some modern Authors, who have very justly gained an immortal Reputation by their other Writings, have either totally neglected this important Point, or slightly discuss'd it, as a thing little necessary, and substituted Physical Prescriptions for the Management of the Body, instead of Moral Precepts for the Improvement of the Mind. But even among others, who have more judiciously treated this Subject, and have attended solely to the Cultiva-

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tion of the Understanding, too little Care has been had to the early Management of the Heart, and especially to inspire it with a necessary Caution against the Enchantments of Habit. I dare say, there is no one but sees, even in the small Circle of his Acquaintance, either the ridiculous or mischievous Effects of it; which, tho' perhaps casually contracted, yet nourished by Time, first gains by Degrees a Familiarity with the Breast, and at length uncontrollably usurps a despotick Power over Head and Heart. In Children, therefore, whose Minds, like Wax, are subject to the slightest Impressions, every Action should carefully be observed, and, if frequently repeated (as the Repetition of an Action is the tacit Approbation of it) it is the principal Duty of a Parent to find out the Source, and encourage, or restrain the Inclination, as it agrees with, or deviates from, Virtue.

Antiquity affords two most beautiful Representations of the Nature of Virtue and vicious Pleasure, and of all the mental Attendants on both. The one is **PRODICUS's** Fable of the Choice of **HERCULES**,
told

told by SOCRATES in the *Memorabilia* of XENOPHON: The other a Description of a mythological Picture, in the Temple of SATURN, invented by CEBES, the *Theban*, the Disciple of SOCRATES. The former paints VIRTUE and PLEASURE in their proper Colours, the latter informs us how we are often deceived by their fallacious Appearances; and by personalizing the Affections of the Mind, brings the whole Court, as it were, of both, before our Eyes, and then instructs us how to shun the Delusions of the one, and follow the Society of the other to the Seat of Happiness. Upon these two Plans I have formed a third, on the irresistible Force of Habit; which I look upon as a proper Supplement to both. If it gives either Delight or Instruction to the Reader, his Praise is due to PRODICUS, to whom I am indebted, tho' not for the Invention, yet totally for the allegorical Design of the Fable. I call, therefore, on him, as LUCRETIUS did heretofore on his Master EPICURUS.

Te sequor, o Grae gentis decus, inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressa vestigia signis,

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Non

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod te imitari aveo.

HIEROPHILUS, an ancient King of *Egypt*, in whose Reign hieroglyphical Learning arrived at its utmost Perfection, thro' which the Youth of the Kingdom were instructed in the Mysteries of their Religion, and the social Duties of Morality, had a Son, named EUETHES, a Prince naturally of the most humane and benevolent Disposition; but being indued at the same time with such violent Passions, as generally accompany great Minds, he was often in his Infancy, ere Reason had assumed her Empire, precipitated by them into an habitual Fondness for those things, that would have proved destructive to his Happiness, and a like Disrelish for Others, that were most conducive to it. This unhappy Temper, no doubt, gave great Uneasiness to his tender Father, who was not only adored by his Subjects for an impartial Distribution of Justice, and courted by neighbouring Potentates for his profound Skill in Politicks as a Monarch, but admired by all the World for his pure Knowledge of Religion

Religion and Morality, and the exemplary Lesson he afforded, in his own spotless Life, of both, as a Man. The good old King, therefore, sought, by all Methods, to reclaim the Impetuosity of his Son, before the casual turn of HABIT should have rooted the Weed of Vice too deeply into so rich a Soil ever after to be eradicated by Wisdom. It was his daily Employment to give the Child the most pleasing Ideas of Virtue, under the entertaining Forms of probable Fiction; for unadorned Precepts have been found to avail little, not only with Children, but even with Men, those Children of a larger Growth; when by the pious Fraud of a well-told Fable they have been imperceptibly deceived into Virtue. However EUTHES, tho' he would frequently listen, and improve too by the Doctrines of his Father, did as often, thro' his easy Nature, lapse again into dangerous Follies; then what he once fixed his Inclination upon, the Violence of his Passions urged him on to pursue with the most unremitted Resolution, and Habit still confirmed the Desire. Nevertheless, his good Sense

would many times condemn his Proceedings in the cool Hours of Reflection, and again be treated like a faithful Servant, heard, approved of at first, and then discarded afterwards, when the Treachery of false Friends had got the Ascendant. Such was the Conduct of this young *Egyptian*, till he was sixteen Years old; at which age, according to the Custom of the Country, the young Men were initiated, at the Temple of MEMPHIS, into the holy Mysteries. When the Day came that was appointed for that annual Ceremony, HIEROPHILUS, who was grand Mystagogue as well as King, (for of old the Offices of King and Priest were united) had contrived a particular Apartment in the subterraneous Passages of the Temple, in which, after he had shewn his Son the usual Institutions, and taught him the sacred Stories, he proposed to instruct him in the more interesting History of the human Heart. Accordingly EUETHES, at the Time appointed, was led into this Apartment, attended only by his Father, who had been all the Day near him, to explain the different Forms that presented

ed themselves before him. As soon as they were seated, and the Glimmering of a Lamp had broke thro' the Darkneſs that before ſurrounded them, and thrown a partial Light upon a large Paſſage, thro' which the Performers of the Show were to paſs, there appeared a Youth ſurrounded by a Crowd of different Figures, that all ſeemed aſſiduous to take him under their Protection. This motley Group was led up in two ſeparate Parties, by two Leaders of female Forms, who looked upon each other with the Air of inveterate Rivalſhip. The one had a looſe, ſmiling Aſpect, fantaſtically dreſſed, and adorned all over with Wreaths of Flowers. Her Train was compoſed of Boys with Bows in their Hands, and Wings on their Shoulders, and a confuſed Crowd of Men and Women of various Complexions, ſome crowned with Ivy and Vine Leaves, and others Dancing round them with all the rapturous Signs of the moſt intoxicating Joy. The other female Chieftain had the moſt ſerious Deportment, with all the Marks of Royalty in her Countenance; ſhe was cloathed in a plain but elegant

Robe, which flowed gracefully behind her. The Attendants imitated her Behaviour, and watched her Eye with the most dutiful Observance, upon all occasions. Some had Crowns of Gold upon their Heads; some Helmets, with Lances in their Hands; some bore the Instruments of Arts and Sciences, as Quadrants, Globes, Pencils, Harps, &c. some carried the sacred Table of the Laws, and others seemed engaged in conjugal Love, Friendship, and other tender Duties of a more retired, private Life. Behind them all there came two Men, who seemed, by their likeness, in many respects, to be Brothers, but in others the most irreconcilable Enemies; the Employment of both was to keep together the particular Company each belonged to, and to prevent any of that Society from mixing with the other. They had very venerable Aspects, and the Influence they possessed, not only over the Crowd, but sometimes over the Leaders themselves, was greatly remarkable. Each had in his Hand a Chain, with which he compelled, if by chance occasion required it, the Rebellious to return,

turn, and confined them to their Allegiance ; the one was Iron, which not a little tortured and gauled the Wearers ; the other Silk, with which the Delinquents were gently brought back again, and resigned over to the more cogent Bonds of their own Reason. 'Twas observable, however, that few or none ever escaped the Power of these assiduous Guardians, who at first allured them into their Service with the Caresses of a Parent ; and though the one still continued such Behaviour, the other intimidated them from flying from the Slavery with the Menaces of a Tyrant. The Youth, amidst the Sollicitations of both Parties, seemed awhile suspended. The female Leader of one Side pointed to a Temple, painted on the Wall, on the Summit of a high and rough Mountain, the ascent to which was difficult, but the Top once attained, the Situation commanded all the Regions round about, and afforded the Spectator the most delightful Prospect. The other Female endeavoured to divert his Attention from that toilsome Pursuit, and directed his Eyes to another Temple that lay

lay in a most delicious Valley, the Inhabitants and Votaries of which passed their Time in the most pleasurable Indolence and heart-enfeebling Recreations. At length the latter prevailed, and with no small Air of Triumph delivered the Youth over to the Guardian of her Attendants, who immediately took him into his Custody. As soon as this Contest was over, there entered another Youth of a more reserved Aspect, and less sanguine Complexion, than the former. At his Entrance the two Crowds swarmed round him, as they had done by the other, and after the same warm Contention the other Party prevailed in its turn, and delivered him over to the more parental Tuition of their respective Guardian. After this mutual Success the whole Group disappeared, and led off their new Votaries. The Partition, like a Theatrical Scene, then opened, and discovered behind an illuminated Grove. Each Party entered afresh from different Sides of the Plain, and took their allotted Station. The first Youth, who had entered into the Service of that frantick Mob, seemed highly delighted

lighted with his Company, and expressed his Joy in irregular Sallies of unnatural Laughter, and other Demonstrations of Rapture and Exstasy. The other, with a most studious Attention to the Instruction of his Companions, decently denoted the calm Satisfaction of his Mind in a silent Admiration of their Precepts. Whilst both were differently employed, a beautiful Woman, arrayed in White, descended from above, and waving a golden Wand, the whole Scene was instantly changed. The left side of the Grove, which was possessed by those noisy Votaries of airy Joy, withered away into the most wintry, melancholy Prospect; instead of Looks of Gaiety, and the Sound of Rejoicing, nought appeared but Visages of Despair, and nought was heard but the Lamentations of Anguish. The betrayed Youth, the former Votary of these Plains, affrighted at this sudden and horrid Alteration, was immediately preparing to make his Escape, when the Guardian, as before described, attended by a Train of the most death-like Figures, bound him down with his Iron Chain, for ever to be
tormented

tormented at the Foot of the Seat of his delusive, destructive, Goddesses. On the other hand, the opposite Groves bloomed afresh with vernal Verdure, Content and Happiness appeared in the Faces of all, and the prudent Youth, who had made so good a Choice, with filial Reverence and Pleasure walked by the Side of his faithful Guardian, and gratefully paid a willing Obedience at the Throne of his beneficent Goddesses. As soon as this Representation was over, EUETHES, with the liveliest Emotion, asked his Father the Explanation of the whole Mystery; but before the good old King could make him an Answer to his first Question, he added, with Tears in his Eyes, must that unfortunate Youth be doomed to Misery for ever? Alas! for ever, replied HIEROPHILUS; but if, my Son, you'll be attentive to the Account, and suspend your fruitless Grief to the Conclusion, it will, perhaps, fully repay your Trouble, and teach you the true Road to Happiness, by detecting the Errors of others. This then is an Explanation of the fictitious

Scene

Scene before you. The large Passage you first saw, represents LIFE ; the first Youth a Soul just entering into it, prone to libidinous Thoughts ; the second, another inclined to virtuous Pursuits. The two Females, attended and habited differently, were VIRTUE and PLEASURE ; and the two Men of fraternal Likeness, who compelled the Attendants of both to keep their Allegiance to their respective Mistresses, were GOOD-HABIT and ILL-HABIT, who (according to the allegorical Genealogy of our EGYPTIAN Forefathers) were the Offspring of *Chance*, begot upon COMPLEXION, and carefully fostered by *Time* in the Cave of CONSTANCY. The beautiful Woman arrayed in White was *Truth*, the Touch of whose Wand no Falshood can endure, but Returns of Force, however disguised, immediately to its own Likeness. You have seen the false, seducing Appearance of vicious Pleasure, and the melancholy Consequences of yielding to her Allurements ; you have seen that her Followers, however for a while they may assume the deceitful Air

of Joy, are in the End nought but DISEASE and CALAMITY; and above all, I hope you have remarked, how impossible it is for a Wretch to extricate himself out of this miserable Society, when ILL-HABIT, their constant Attendant, has bound him down with that irrefragable Chain of Iron. The horrid Aspect of that Tyrant will, I hope, deter you as much from giving way to the Seductions of Vice, as the parental Fondness of GOOD-HABIT will induce you to become a Votary to Virtue. This, my Son, though embellished by Fiction, is a true History of the human Mind; so far was my Duty to inform, the rest is yours to execute. He was going on, when EUETHES eagerly interrupted him: O my Father, how shall I ever repay this fresh Instance of your paternal Love, and now successful Diligence to save me from that irremeable Gulph of Misery, in which my Passions had almost plunged me! Yes, certainly, 'tis my indispensable Duty, as well as Interest, to put in practice such sacred Lessons, of Morality; and the Pleasure of my future Life shall consist alone in becoming,

coming, as near as I am able, an Example of those Precepts you have often so divinely inculcated. The young Prince fully performed his Promise, and though the natural Violence of his Temper would sometimes at first a little sway him towards Pleasure, an *habitual* Perseverance in Virtue at length totally overcame his Passions, and he lived to verify, in his own Character, the Doctrine of HIEROPHILUS, that the Power of HABIT, either *good* or *ill*, triumphs over all Things.

E S S A Y III.

On GOOD and BEAUTY.

Συ δ' οἶσι ἄλλο μὲν ἀγαθόν, ἄλλο δὲ καλὸν εἶναι; καὶ
οἶδ', ὅτι πρὸς ταῦτα πάντα καλὰ τε καὶ ἀγαθὰ εἰσι;
Xen. Men.

THERE is no Study so improving and entertaining to the Human Mind, as an Enquiry into the final Cause of all rational Pleasure; to trace to its Source the Reason why Matter acts in such various Ways thro' the Inlets of the *Senses* upon the *Understanding*, and affords such infinite Delight to the intermediate Powers of *Imagination*. By reasoning thus from the Effect to the Efficient, we naturally become acquainted with the Conceptions of the great AUTHOR of all Things; we transfer as it were the Excellence of his Works into our Manners, and grow imperceptibly Good and Virtuous (which is moral Comeliness) by being

ing familiarized to the Beauty of external Objects. *Nature*, the Substitute of Heaven, agreeable to the divine Attributes, has calculated all Things for universal Convenience; every Being that obeys *her* Dictates partakes of the general Good, and the Deviation alone from them constitutes particular Evil; so that Vice in Morals is destructive to Pleasure, and Disorder in Matter cancels Beauty. *Nature* therefore, in the Enquiry concerning *Good* and *Beauty*, which I shall prove to be the same, must be the Criterion to go by. Enter into the Schools of the Painters and Sculptors, ask upon what Rules their Skill is founded, and what declares the Perfection of their Performances? The Artists will tell you, that such a Statue or Picture has no intrinsic Beauty in itself, but is relative to another Object, the Similitude to which is made the *Venus* of the *Art*; the Thing therefore represented regulates our Esteem. Whence then does *that* derive this primary Excellence? From itself without any Reference to remoter Beings? No, certainly. Every Object round has a

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Share, and *it* is more or less *Good* and *Beautiful*, as it corresponds to them, and they to others to Infinity. Whatever then is proportionable and harmonious, is good; every thing that is so, is *natural*; we judge of *Beauty* by *Nature*, consequently *Good* and *Beauty* are the same. Thus we form our Opinion of an Image. Every Limb and Feature ought to agree with the whole in Size, Age, Sex, &c. and this is called *Symmetry*; this Symmetry is most perfect when made for the Use and Strength of the Species, and that Use produces Beauty. It is the same not only thro' all the Arts and the original Objects of Nature, but may be perceived too in Characters, and Manners; for what is Virtue but Moral Proportion, and the just Performance of the Part in Society assigned you to act without Diminution or Addition? Every one who forms his Life upon this Plan, may truly be said, without straining Language, to live *beautifully*. It now remains to be enquired, tho' *Good* and *Beauty* are the same,
why

why they affect the Mind with Pleasure, and from whence arises that Disgust at Evil and Deformity ; for there is in both Cases an instantaneous Effect exclusive of Reflection. There is in Human Nature a Power independent of the rest, called the *Internal Sense*, all perfect and harmonious, which, as it proceeds from the Fountain of Good, remains for ever pure and untainted. *External Beauty*, being the infallible and inseparable Companion of *Good*, bears a fraternal Likeness to that mental Comeliness or Order ; and as a Note on one Lute being touched, the Unison of another tho' unmoved will answer to it, so the similar Perfection within is responsive to that outward Proportion ; and Disgust in like Manner is created by an analogous Discord that *Evil* and *Deformity* bear to the virtuous and beautiful Propensity of the Soul. I doubt not but it will be objected, that there are many who deviate from this Rule in their Actions, to whom Vice in Morals, and monstrous Appearances in Nature, seem

dèlightful. But let us consider, that this proceeds from the Deception of *Fancy*; the *Internal Sense* always judges right according as Things are represented; and it would be as just to blame the *natural Eye*, when (as we read in fabulous Accounts) it mistakes a Desert for a Paradise, converted by a Magician, as to think the *intellectual* one deficient, when deceived by *that Sorceress*; for by *her* Wand the *Monstrous* is changed into the *Wonderful* and *New*, and *Vice* becomes *Ease*, *Pleasure*, and *Power*. I shall have recourse to the following Fable more fully to illustrate these Truths.

As the Human *Soul* was just entered into that State we call *Life*, and was wandering in search of *Happiness*, two Females appeared of different Forms. The One was called *Evil* or *Deformity*, the Daughter of *CHAOS*, the Offspring of the Furies; the other *Good* or *Beauty*, the Daughter of Nature, the Offspring of the Gods. The Former, to conceal the Ugliness of her Person, had borrowed all
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the Ornaments PLUTUS could bestow, and was assisted by a delusive Glass that *Fancy* held before her. The Latter wore the Garments of *Simplicity*, and was supported by *Truth*. As soon as the First saw the young Stranger, she ran and addressed him in the following Manner :

“ How fortunate, O Youth, are you to
 “ meet me, who am come to conduct
 “ you to the Palace of *Happiness* ! In
 “ yonder Plain, where all the Riches of
 “ the East are lavishly bestowed, the
 “ Goddess resides ; she is constantly at-
 “ tended by the *Loves* and *Graces*, and
 “ their Mother, the fair VOLUPTA, offers
 “ her downy Couch to the Votaries to
 “ rest on, whilst BACCHUS presents his
 “ Cup of Delight : *Power* stands at her
 “ right Hand, and *Grandeur* at her Left,
 “ and the Frowns of *Care*, and Wrin-
 “ kles of *Industry*, are banished the joyful
 “ Regions.” When she had done speak-
 ing, the Youth turned his Eyes and be-
 held a stately Building of an *Asiatic* Order ;
 Satyrs, Mermaids, and Beasts of hetero-
 geneous Kinds supported the Roof, and

all the Ornaments were such as never existed but in a wild Dream. But what attracted his Attention the most, was the inebriated Pleasure that appeared thro' the vast Concourse of People of all Sorts that attended the pretended Deity ; some expressed uncommon Transport in the Possession of a Sceptre, others shewed Signs of greater Rapture in the Arms of a beautiful Woman, and many yawned out a more indolent Satisfaction in a Posture of Repose. As he was beholding this Group of Figures, the other Female came up, and seeing him not a little pleased with his Prospect, " Behold, said she, I " am the only Parent of Happiness ; let " not the false Appearance of that Impos- " ture delude you into Misery." Upon saying which, her Attendant *Truth* struck the Palace with her Wand, whose Touch no Falshood can bear, and immediately the stately Domes were turned into a frightful Ruin ; what before appeared the Residence of *Pleasure*, seemed then the Court of *Disease* ; the Laughs of Riot became the Groans of Anguish ; *Power*,
that

that looked so alluring and majestic, was sunk into *Tyranny*, with Scorpions in her Bosom that stung her to Distraction; all the rest underwent an equal Change, and appeared in their proper Shapes. The Youth immediately abashed and frightened, fled from this horrid Company, and sought for Safety in the Arms of his *Protectress*, who taking him by the Hand, and cheering him with her Smiles, resumed her Speech to him as follows: " See, " said she, the *Inchantress* and her hellish " Crew are vanished, there is nothing " more to fear. I am the Guardian Ge- " nius of this Place, and never fail to " guide those who seek me, to the Tem- " ple of *true Happiness*. That Goddess " is not attended, as you lately imagined, " nor surrounded by Noise and Riot, but " sits enthroned in the silent Vale of So- " litude, where *Peace* and *Contemplation* " administer unto her, and the lawrelled " Sisterhood of *Art* and *Science* celebrate " her Praise. There the lovely Family " of *Social Virtues* dwell, and their great " Parent *Charity*, perpetually exercises

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" them

168 E S S A Y III.

“ them in their heavenly Duty ; *Health*
“ and Order guard the Altar, and *Con-*
“ *tent* offers the Balm of Bliss to all the
“ Votaries.”

ESSAY

E S S A Y IV.

On SELF-LOVE. A FABLE.

WHEN I consider the natural Propensity of human Nature to Good, I am often greatly surprized how the Power of Education is able to subvert it; but it raises my Indignation, that Superstition and idle Legends can cast such a Film over the Intellectual Eye, as to render it in a great Measure incapable of extending it's View beyond the little circumscribed Limits of what belongs *merely* to *Man*. 'Tis this Counter-Knowledge, that makes us by Degrees become selfish and unsocial, by confining the Design and Benevolence of Providence to a part of the Universe, which in Comparison to the whole System, is no more than a single Grain of Sand to the Earth itself; for when once we have begun to exclude our Planet by Superiority from the rest, and to regard the other Luminaries as existing only to serve ours, we presently proceed to bring
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the Thought nearer Home, by looking upon the Country we casually were born in, then the Family we come from, and at length, ourselves alone, as the principal Object of divine Care. This is the Bane of all Morality, and from this plentiful Source of Evils flow *Pride, Ill-Nature*, and that Parent of active Vices, *Uncharitableness*. Contrary Thoughts therefore must be productive of contrary Effects; and I dare say, every one who has experienced the Light of useful Learning and true Religion, will agree with me, that nothing tends more to better the Heart, as well as enlarge the Understanding, than to carry our Thoughts as far as we are able into Immensity, and to meditate on the Attributes of the Deity, from whom all *Wisdom proceeds*, and in whom it ends; which will necessarily lead us to consider the whole Solar System as no more than a single Atom in Subjection to the universal Plan of divine Government! What then is Man!—The *Arabians*, who convey all their Learning, their moral and religious Precepts, through Fables, relate the

the following Story, as an instructive Lesson on this Subject.

There lived in the Vale of *Koritz*, a Hermit named AKALLAH, who by the Power of a Talisman could convert any Animal whatsoever into another of a different Species. His Life being as pure as his Knowledge was extensive, he presently became famous ever the whole East, and all the Youth of the adjacent Countries came to him for Instruction. Among the rest, the Son of the King of *Tibet* was placed by his Father under the Tuition of this celebrated Philosopher. MONOPHAZ, for that was the Name of the young Prince, was of a proud, selfish, and cruel Disposition; he looked upon the other Nations of the Earth, as tributary Vassals to his Power, and upon his Father's Subjects, as the abject Slaves of his Pleasure. KALAPHAS, the good old King, who tenderly loved his People as a Parent, would often lament within himself the terrible Prospect they had before them, when he anticipated the Calamities that were likely to ensue after his Death,

Death, under the Reign of his Successor; however, that nothing should be wanting to contribute to their Welfare, or that of his Son, he took all the Methods possible to render the young Prince more humane and tractable; but when nothing availed, he at last determined to send him as abovementioned, to the great Philosopher and Magician AKALLAH. Accordingly when MONOPHAZ was arrived at a little Village, where the Pupils of Distinction generally resided, he sent to command the Preceptor to come to him. AKALLAH, who both knew by his Art, and was previously informed of the Temper of his royal Disciple; told the Messenger, that though his Birth and Fortune set a Distinction between the rest of Mankind, yet Wisdom claimed a Superiority by Nature over all; and though the Prince of *Thebet* had been accustomed to command the Great ones of the Earth, it was now his Turn to obey and attend the Will of his Master. As soon as MONOPHAZ received this Message, which breathed a Spirit of Liberty and Philosophy, more than what he had been used to, he was
greatly

greatly enraged against the Hermit, and repairing to his Cave with the Servants that attended him, resolved to make the good old Man fall a Victim to his Repentment. AKALLAH, being apprized of the young Prince's Design, waited patiently for his coming, upon whose appearance with a drawn Sword in his Hand, he touched the Talisman, and MONOPHAZ was instantly metamorphosed into an Emmet. The Attendants, upon the sudden Disappearance of their Master, were greatly astonished, which the Hermit perceiving; " Behold ! said he, pointing to the Ground, that Insect which
 " you see crawling on the Earth, was
 " once MONOPHAZ, your Lord, who
 " was to reign uncontrollable over the
 " Lives of Millions, but is now reduced,
 " by the Power of the Almighty, to lie
 " with Reptiles in the Dust ; for before
 " his Presence, who created every Being
 " for universal Good, and not selfish Delight, the greatest Monarch upon the
 " Globe is no more than the smallest
 " Mote fluttering in the Meridian Sun.
 " Learn hence, continued he, young
 " Prince

“ Prince (looking down upon the Em-
 “ met) that those alone are distinguished
 “ by his present and future Favour, who
 “ correspond with his great Design of
 “ promoting the Good of all his Crea-
 “ tures, and guide their Lives by the
 “ unerring Dictates of Reason, and the
 “ tender Suggestions of Humanity. ’Tis
 “ in my Power, whom you lately so
 “ threatened in your Wrath, to make
 “ you continue in this Body, as a Punish-
 “ ment for the rash Attempt; but as I
 “ perceive by my Art, that there will
 “ be a thorough Reformation of your
 “ Mind with the Change of your Shape,
 “ and that your future Conduct will be
 “ both a Blessing to yourself and the
 “ rest of Mankind; you shall imme-
 “ diately be conveyed back again in
 “ your own Form, with your Attend-
 “ ants, to the Court of your Father at
 “ *Thebet*.” Having said this, AKALLAH
 touched the Talisman, by which MONO-
 PHAZ found himself where the Magician
 promised to convey him; and being
 convinced, by this Experiment, of the
 Weakness and Insufficiency of Man in
 Comparison

E S S A Y IV. 175

**Comparison to the Power of Heaven,
he became afterwards, by his Example,
a living Precept of Goodness to the rest
of the World.**

ESSAY

E S S A Y V.

On TRUE and FALSE RELIGION.

*Cum multæ res in Philosophia nequaquam
fatis adhuc explicatæ sunt, tum perdis-
cilis, Brute, quod tu minime ignoras, &
perobscura quæstio est de Natura De-
orum: quæ ad agnitionem animi pul-
cherrima est, & ad moderandam RE-
LIGIONEM necessaria.*

Cic. de Nat. Deor.

OF all the Comforts which the great
Creator has bestowed upon Man-
kind, the early *Love* and *Admiration* of
his Perfections, which he implanted in
in us, called RELIGION, is the most de-
lightful ; for what can more exhilarate
Life, than the constant Exercise of our
rational Faculties, in contemplating upon
the Attributes of an Almighty Being,
whose Power is guided by universal Bene-
volence? Nothing upon Earth can be
more heavenly than a Worship of this
Sort,

Sort, where Gratitude leads us to the Shrine, and the Wings of Hope and Peace protect us. Such a Religion does not consist in external Rites and the holy Trumpery of Ecclesiastical Ceremonies, in the suppliant Fawn of Sacerdotal Grimace, nor the unintelligible Jargon of Hierarchical Riddles, but in the pure Obedience of the Heart to the Will of him, who created every thing to co-operate in the universal Harmony of Nature. These Thoughts form us betimes to the strictest Rules of moral Beauty, they poize the Mind in the Balance of Justice, and open the Heart for the Reception of the cœlestial Family of *Charity*. Here *Contentment* sits on her Throne supported by *Reason* and *Innocence*; and *Happiness*, her Offspring, effuses her divine Influence around the Scene. These are the inseparable Companions of true Religion. But what composes the Train of *Superstition*? A far different Groupe of Figures. *Remorse*, mental *Perturbation*, *Fear*, and *Malice*; and I am inclined to think, if it had not been for the Assistance of this Dæmon, the natural Propensity of Mankind to Good is so great, that a Multitude together, never could have been

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guilty of those innumerable Cruelties which stain the Annals of all Ages. There is nothing so barbarous, nothing so unnatural but Superstition can convert into Duty. We read in holy Writ, that 'twas a *Religious* Ceremony of the Priests of MOLOCH to sacrifice Children to their Deity; and numberless are the Passages in profane Writers, of the bloody Effects of Pagan Idolatry, besides all the domestick Calamities, Injuries, and Immoralities of private Life; and all these accrued from the false Opinions the Perpetrators entertained of the Deity. For as 'tis natural to imitate the Objects of our Admiration, if HE was painted by their Priests, *a revengeful, lustful, ill-disposed Being*, 'twas no Wonder the Votaries followed the *high* Example, and became at length so *perfect* in all kinds of Wickedness. Of this Stamp was the Heathen JOVE, who, according to the *Holy Legends* of ancient Paganism, began his Reign with dethroning his Father, and made it afterwards one continual Scene of Incest, Adultery, and every Act of the most flagrant Infamy. A very proper Object of Adoration!

ration! PLATO, the great Light of the Heathen World, in the Dialogue entitled *Eutryphon*, introduces a Man going to prosecute his own Father, who, being reproved by SOCRATES for his Impiety, replies, *Jupiter, who is acknowledged by all Men to be the justest of the Gods, bound his Father in Chains for a criminal Action.*" From which he implied, it was lawful and right for him to do so too. TERENCE reproves tacitly the erroneous Worship of his Country, in one of his Comedies, by making a young *Debauchee* approve of his own Conduct by the Example of *Jupiter*.

————— Animus gaudebat mihi,
Deum sese in hominem convertisse, atque per alienas tegulas
Venisse clanculum per impluvium ———
At quem Deum? qui templa Cæli sonitu concutit.
Ego homuncio hoc non facerem? —————

Such, no doubt, would be the consolatory way of Reasoning for all who were willing to give a Loose to their Desires. But these are Mischiefs of a very inferior sort to those that have arisen from Misrepresentations of the Nature of God. From this Source sprung the wild En-

thufiasm of ARABIA, whose Votaries made Persecution the Instrument of Religion, and sprinkled the holy Way to *Paradise* with the Blood of Millions. Their great Prophet himself gave a Sanction to Murder and Robbery; and taught his Disciples, that the surest Way to gain the Favour of ALLAH, was to triumph in the Death of Unbelievers. The Dagger of Massacres he called the Sword of Heaven; and so intoxicated the Brain of a pleasurable and libidinous People with the Hopes of a sensual Futurity, as a Reward for Crimes which otherwise would have shocked human Nature, that they rushed forth from their Deserts like a Torrent, and bore down the Kingdoms of the Earth, by the scarce interrupted Course of their barbarous Enthusiasm. I wish now I could not add, that the purest Religion the World ever knew, had been made the innocent Cause of almost equal Cruelties, and that the Designs of wicked Men had too much prevailed under the mistaken Notions of its divine Precepts. One would imagine, that such were endeavouring to fulfil literally what the
blessed

blessed Founder prophesied figuratively, "*Think not that I am come to send Peace on Earth, but a Sword,*" implying, that every new Doctrine would meet with Opposition. But the savage Bigotry of inhuman Believers have, as it were, practically verified this Sentence, and converted the Temple of *Peace* into the Den of *Destruction*. How repugnant a Proceeding this to those cœlestial Institutions, which form the finest System of Morality Mankind ever was acquainted with, inculcating Sobriety, Forbearance, Mercy, and above all, what comprehends every active Virtue, Charity. The Tests therefore of Religion, are Benevolence and Reason; whatever is productive of the one, and conformable to the other, is certainly true; and whatever is opposite to either, is as surely Imposture. As Reason is the great Investigator of Truth, nothing has done more Service to Christianity, than a free Enquiry into its Doctrines; which makes me surpris'd to hear daily so many ignorant Zealots exclaim against a Proceeding so worthy the Nature of Man, and agreeable to the

Will of the supreme Being. Would they have us totally lay aside, for the Sake of *Faith*, that first great Gift of God, REASON? if so, they place the most pure Religion upon a Footing with the grossest Idolatry; and in that Case, the casual Circumstance of being born and educated among *Indians*, would have subjected us to the Worship of their imaginary Deities. They reply to this, as the *Pythagoreans* did of old, concerning several Tenets they could not defend, *Magister ipse dixit*. This is putting Religion upon a very poor Foundation, to take every thing for granted that is taught them, without any farther Examination. *Tantum opinio præjudicata poterat, ut etiam sine ratione valeret auctoritas.* [CIC. de Nat. Deor.] How many are there of these who employ their acquired Knowledge, not to search after *Truth*, but to defend what they *would believe*! But as Morality, as well as Religion, depends upon the true Knowledge of the Deity (for as the great Father of Wisdom observes, “*All our Endeavours are to be like him, as far as we are able,*”) the greatest Men of all Ages have made
it

it the principal End of their Studies to become acquainted with his Will and Attributes. Should any one say, that the holy Scriptures are sufficient to teach us this necessary Truth, I should answer, that I grant they are beyond any Dispute, as they were written by his Inspiration, and were the only Revelation he ever made to Mankind. But before we assent to this, 'tis our previous Duty to examine strictly, whether they are really so or not; and whether such Institutions are agreeable to his all-perfect Attributes; otherwise, right or wrong, we offer the greatest Affront to our Creator, by taking that upon Trust, which ought to be the Subject of our mature Deliberations. That great Philosopher, who among the Moderns defended Christianity with the fairest as well as strongest Arguments, says, [*See LOCKE on the human Understanding*] “ He that believes without
 “ having any Reason for his believing,
 “ may be in Love with his own Fancies;
 “ but neither seeks Truth as he ought,
 “ nor pays the Obedience due to his
 “ Maker, who would have him use those
 N 4 “ discerning

“ discerning Faculties he has given him
 “ to keep him out of Mistake and Error.
 “ He that does not this to the best of
 “ his Power, however he sometimes lights
 “ on Truth, is in the Right by *Chance* ;
 “ and I know not whether the Lucki-
 “ ness of the Accident will excuse the
 “ Irregularity of the Proceeding. This
 “ at least is certain, that he is accoun-
 “ table for whatever Mistakes he runs
 “ into ; whereas, he that makes use of
 “ the Light and Faculties God has given
 “ him, and seeks *sincerely* to discover
 “ Truth by those Helps and Abilities he
 “ has, may have this Satisfaction in doing
 “ his Duty as a Rational Creature ; that
 “ though he should miss Truth, he will
 “ not miss the *Reward* of it : For he
 “ governs his Assent right, and places it
 “ as he should, who in any Case or
 “ Matter whatsoever, believes, or mis-
 “ believes, according as *Reason* directs
 “ him. He that does otherwise, trans-
 “ gresses against his own Light, and mis-
 “ uses those Faculties, which were given
 “ him to no other End, but to search
 “ and follow the *clearer* Evidence, and
 “ *greater*

“ *greater Probability.*” When *Faith* is thus regulated, it becomes an earthly Anticipation of Immortality; it soothes the Pangs of Misfortunes, and moderates the Pleasures of Prosperity, otherwise oftentimes too powerful for the human Breast. For by encouraging and entertaining us with the Hopes of more refined and permanent Joys than we can comprehend at present, it makes us, as far as our Natures will admit of, indifferent to the casual Lot of our transitory State, and gives us below a Relish for the Pleasures above.

I still continued ruminating on this Subject, and now and then, to alleviate my Mind, cast my Eye on the above-mentioned Philosopher, till I went to Bed; where in my Sleep, after having been hurried through many romantic Adventures, I had, toward Morning, the following more regular Dream, arising, I suppose, from the contrasted Notions I went to Rest with; for Dreams, as the *Stagyrite* says, are the faint Resemblances or the Shadows of our waking Thoughts and Actions. I rose, methought, out of a Place of *Darkness visible*, as MILTON calls

calls it, which was only light enough to shew the confused Horror of the Chaos that was around me ; when on a sudden, the War of Elements ceased, and as it were by Magic, each retiring to a proper Place, formed a most beautiful Creation. As I stood admiring with no small Enthusiasm the Power and Goodness of the unseen Efficient of this Paradise, unknowing to what End I was placed there, and how I ought to act in order to contribute, as much as lay in me, to the Harmony of the Whole ; methought a Being, like the Idea we have of an Angel, came and offered to conduct me through the unknown Regions, and to instruct me in the Nature of whatever I saw. Her Robes were like a Winter's Cloud tinged with Darkness, her Aspect was gloomy and pensive, and every Mark of a *false Glory* appeared upon her. By this Time a Number more of the same Species with myself came thronging after her, every one expressing the greatest Ardency to obey her, and believe her Instructions ; yet this pretended Zeal might be perceived to proceed from *Fear*, which seldom, if ever,

ever, is a Companion of *Love*. Upon my making some Hesitation to join the Crowd, she immediately put on such a Frown of Terror, that my Blood ran chill to my Heart; the Slaves of her Retinue too, though secretly averse to her Tyranny, joined the Menaces that were made against me, till the Fear of being left desolate and alone, made me add one more to the unhappy Number. We had not proceeded many Paces, before another Angel appeared to us, whose Aspect was fair and gentle, whose Demeanor was open and delightful, and her Garments were the unsullied Brightness of Heaven. Our Eyes were instantly fixed on this lovely Object, and Joy began to inspire our Hearts. As soon as the Apostate Sister, who enthralled us, saw this Minstrel of Happiness, she filled the Air with a Mist that obstructed our Sight, and we could behold our Comfort no more; but as Resolution is a Guide to Truth, I and some few more left this seeming Sorceress, and with a loud Voice implored the Assistance of that other celestial Being. Our Prayers were heard, and the Air to
our

our Sight grew serene and clear again ;
 though the rest of our late Fellow-Suffer-
 ers, who durst not relinquish their Errors
 through *Fear*, still remained under the
 Enchantment. Our great *Protectress* ap-
 peared again to us, and spoke in the fol-
 lowing Manner: " Happy are you, O
 " Mortals, to escape from that fell Im-
 " postor, who usurps my Likeness and
 " Office, to delude the Unwary. I am
 " RELIGION, the brightest of *Beings* un-
 " der the OMNIPOTENT, who conduct
 " the Good to the Realms of unperishable
 " Joy. SHE is SUPERSTITION, who leads
 " them astray into the Path of Error. I
 " rule in the *Heart*, She in *Action* ; and
 " there is not even one of her Dependants
 " so infatuated, but would declare, if
 " they durst, against her impious Reign.
 " She has been attended long by a Matron
 " called CUSTOM, the Fallacy of whose
 " venerable Countenance entices Mankind
 " into her Mistress's Train, and then
 " OPINION guards the Entrance against
 " their Escape. Let her delude those
 " mistaken Wretches for a while with
 " her antick Shows, whilst I lead you to
 " behold

“ behold the Court of unalterable De-
 “ light.” As soon as she had done speak-
 ing, there appeared a glorious Light that
 extended to the uttermost Parts of the
 Earth, and filled our Bosoms with the
 most Heavenly Sensation. At a Distance
 Myriads of cœlestial Inhabitants came
 flying down, and showered innumerable
 Blessings upon us, as we stood looking up
 at them. They seemed continually pass-
 ing to and from that eternal Source of
 Light. Whilst we were admiring this
 stupendous Scene, one of those divine
 Messengers, who had been to comfort our
 mistaken Brethren, involved in number-
 less Calamities by their deceitful Guide,
 ascended from them up to the Throne of
 the MOST HIGH; she was called on
 Earth REPENTANCE, and seemed beau-
 tiful even in Tears and Mourning. Not
 long after another descended, cloathed in
 ætherial Mildness; the Smiles of Grace
 beamed from her Eyes, as if she seemed
 delighted with being charged with the
 first Office of Heaven, *doing Good*; her
 Name was FORGIVENESS. MERCY went
 before her Presence, and TRUTH guided
 her

her Flight. She had in her Hands the Balm of *Comfort*, and the more she bestowed, the more her Store encreased. On a sudden the Clouds that had hitherto obscured the rest of our Species, were dispelled, and the Majesty of the SUPREME shone upon them ; at whose Appearance, the *Sorcerers* that had misled them, retired again to the native Realms of infernal Darkness, and was seen no more. As we were all going to offer up Thanksgivings for our Deliverance, I was awakened by the publick Rejoicings for the News of the Success of our *Arms. Which Accident, and my preceding Dream, afforded me sufficient Matter for Reflection all the Day after, on the superintending Goodness of Providence, which constantly does the best for Mankind, educing *Good* and *Happiness* even out of *Evil* and *Calamities*.

* This was written a little after a Victory.

E S S A Y VI.

On FRIENDSHIP.

*Dispares mores disparia studia sequuntur,
quorum dissimilitudo diffociat amicitias.*

TULL. de Amic.

AS I am in a great measure an Enthusiast in regard to that sacred Passion Friendship, nothing sooner raises my Indignation than to hear the Name prostituted upon every trifling Occasion, to the meanest and basest Ends; the common Use of which has made it so cheap, that it is at length become a worn-out Note to carry on the Commerce of the World, alike at the *Exchange* or *New-market*, the Court or the Bear-garden. Men of different Ages, Rank, and Inclinations, indiscriminately herd together; and the Acquaintance of Debauchery and Folly usurps the Title of Friendship. But what has given me the most Concern is, to observe, even among the Virtuous, a Want of Judgment in this Point, which
has

has often proved very fatal. There are Men of the greatest Worth, whose Actions claim our Approbation and Esteem, but whose Friendship, by reason of a Dissimilitude of Sentiments, would be neither desirable nor advantageous. An *Indian* Sage, giving Advice to his Son on this Subject, illustrated his Discourse (according to the *Asiatic* Manner) with the following Story.

Thou hast heard, my Son, says he, of the great Affection Lizards have for Mankind.—*ABAIRAN*, the Kaliph of *Bagdat*, as he was hunting one Day in a neighbouring Forest, being fatigued with the Toil of the Chace, and separated from his Company, laid himself down to sleep on the green Bank of a Rivulet, which seemed to invite him to Repose with its gentle Murmurs. He had scarce closed his Eyes before one of these friendly Animals awakened him by softly touching him with his Tail; but how great was his Surprise, when he beheld, not many Yards off, a large Serpent rolling toward him? He immediately rose, took up his little Deliverer, and fled. This Accident
filled

filled his Mind with so much Gratitude, that he daily fed the Lizard with his own Hand, and cherished it in his Bosom. He had not done so long before his Complexion, which was naturally healthy and florid, became pale and sickly ; his Eyes grew dim, his Appetite was lost, and all the Symptoms of an obstinate Disorder appeared upon him. The Physicians, who were immediately called in to his Assistance, employed all their Art in vain, the Distemper increased, and the Angel of Death seemed at hand to summon him. Whilst he was in this Agony, a Stranger, at that time in *Bagdat*, hearing of the Kaliph's Illness, desired to be permitted to make an Experiment. The Proposal was at first rejected, and the Author looked upon as one of those travelling Empiricks that infest all great Cities. But the Stranger nevertheless persisting strongly in his Request, and offering to answer, with his Life, for the Success of his Attempt, the Kindred of *Abairan* suffered him to undertake it. ALCHAMAN (for that was his Name) no sooner had looked upon the Eyes of the Kaliph, than he de-

clared that the Cause of the Malady was a Lizard, whose venomous Breath had infected the whole Mass of his Blood; and taking a small Phial from his Pocket, gave the Patient a few Drops mixed with Water to drink. ABAIRAN, as soon as he had taken this admirable Medicine, found himself much easier, the Delirium left him, his Colour returned, and the Heat of Youth glowed again in his Veins. Let it suffice that the Kaliph, having told the Stranger how he came by the Lizard, and the Reason of his keeping it, intreated him to make the Palace of *Bagdat* his Home; adding, that since he had restored him to Life, he hoped to receive from him the Power of enjoying it too, by having that Opportunity to shew his Gratitude, the greatest Pleasure of which human Breasts are susceptible." To which ALCHAMAN modestly replied. "My Lord, the Pleasure of doing good is in itself a sufficient Reward; for the Benevolent have as much Satisfaction in bestowing, as the Indigent in receiving. If thou hast found any Benefit from my Endeavours, all I ask as a Reward is to
be

be permitted quietly to leave thy City, and return to that Solitude where I conversed with Wisdom and with Truth. Thou art a Prince, it is true, indued with all social Virtues; thy Reign is a Blessing to thy Servants, and the Admiration of thy Neighbours; but thy Friendship is as much to be avoided by me, as courted by the rest of Mankind. Pardon, my Lord, the Freedom of thy Servant's Mind, the only Empire a Philosopher should covet. Friendship is founded upon an Equality of Conditions, and a Similitude of Desires; and even Virtue, tho' always necessary to cement it, is ineffectual, if this Basis be wanting. Consider then what a vast Distance there is between thee and me; consider the Inconveniencies that must accrue to both from such a Conjunction. Thou hast been educated in a Palace, I in a Cell; the Welfare of Thousands depends upon thy Care and Vigilance as a Governor; my Satisfaction consists alone in Retirement and Contemplation. Should we live together, thou wouldst on one hand grow remiss by attending to my Specula-

196 E S S A Y VI.

tions, and I on the other should be diverted from my Meditations by the Business which would intrude upon thee. Let us therefore be asunder, that each may perform, as he ought, the Part which Providence has assigned him to act, and not prove a reciprocal Poison to each other's Mind, as thou and the Lizard have been to each other's Body.

E S S A Y

E S S A Y VII.

On CONJUGAL LOVE.

Συμματα μὲν δύο, Ψυχὴ δὲ μία.

P Y T H.

OF all the Pleasures that endear Human Life, there are none more worthy the Attention of a rational Creature, than those which flow from the mutual Return of *Conjugal Love* ; our great Poet MILTON, after he has described the nuptial Bower of ADAM and EVE in *Paradise*, thus calls upon that blissful State :

“ Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law, true Source
 “ Of Human Offspring, sole Propriety
 “ In *Paradise*, of all Things common else.
 “ By thee Adult’rous Lust was driven from Men,
 “ Among the bestial Herds to range ; by thee
 “ (Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,)
 “ Relations dear, and all the Charities
 “ Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.—
 “ —Perpetual Fountain of domestic Bliss !—
 “ Here Love his *Golden* Shafts employs ; here lights
 “ His *constant* Lamp, and waves his purple Wings.

In this Scene the looser Passions of Youth are consolidated into a settled Affection; for the lawful Object of Love unites every Care in itself; and makes even those Thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two Minds are thus engaged by the Ties of reciprocal Sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a Transport that is inconceivable to all but those that are in this Situation; from hence arises that heart-ennobling Solicitude for one another's Welfare, that tender Sympathy that alleviates Affliction, and that participated Pleasure that heightens Prosperity and Joy itself. This is a full Completion of the Blessings of Humanity! for if Reason and Society are the Characteristicks which distinguish us from other Animals, an Excellence in these two great Privileges of Man, which centers in Wedlock, must raise in us Happiness above the Rest of our Species. It is here that the noblest Passions of which the Human Soul is susceptible join together, virtuous Love and Friendship; the one supplying it with a constant Rapture, and the other regulating

it by the Rules of Reason. I would not be understood to be speaking here of those unnatural and disproportionable Matches that are daily made upon worldly Views, where Interest, or Lust are the only Motives ; I mean that such only enjoy the Blessing, who are conducted by *Hymen* thro' his own Realms of Innocence and Sincerity. A Gentleman who is very happy in a *beautiful Friend*, as a certain *English* Poet calls a Wife, and is a Kind of an Enthusiast for the Married State, told me the following Story of an *Italian* Pair, who were famous for their unalterable Constancy and Affection. There lived at *Genoa* a young Nobleman named MARINI, who had a large Estate in the Island of *Corfica*, whither he went every five or six Years to regulate his Affairs. At the Age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful Lady, the Daughter of a *Venetian* Senator, called MONIMIA, who had refused the greatest Matches in *Italy*, to prefer the fortunate MARINI. As their Marriage was founded upon a mutual Esteem, their Passion encreased instead of diminishing by En-

joyment,

joyment, till they became an Example of Conjugal Duty to all that knew them. They had lived many Years in this uninterrupted State of Felicity; when MARINI was obliged to make a Voyage into *Corfica*, which was then disturbed by a rebellious Insurrection, in order to secure his Patrimony, by encouraging his Dependents to stand firm in Defence of their Country. But the greatest Affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part for awhile from MONIMIA, who being then very big with Child was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal Time of parting was come, they embraced with the utmost Grief, and the warmest Prayers to Heaven for one anothers Safety. As soon as this afflicting Scene was over, MARINI embarked, and having a fair Wind, arrived safe at *Bastia* in a few Hours. The Success of the Rebels being stopped, and the Affairs of the Island a little settled again, our Lover began to prepare for his Return to *Genoa*; but as he was walking one Day by the Harbour where the Ships of Burthen lay, he heard two Sailors who were
just

just arrived, talking of the Death of a *Genoese* Nobleman's Wife then absent from the Republic. This casual Circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his Curiosity to listen farther to their Conversation, when after a little Pause, he heard one of them mention the Name of his dear MONIMIA ; at these Words his Surprise and Affliction was so great that he had not Power to follow the Mariners to satisfy his Doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own Servants lamenting over him. At the same Time that this happened to MARINI, something of the same Nature equally distressed MONIMIA ; for an imperfect Account came to *Genoa*, by the Captain of a *Venetian* Vessel, that a Gentleman named MARINI had been surprized near *Bastia* by a remaining Party of Rebels, and that he and all his Attendants were killed by them. These two Accounts involved our unfortunate Pair in the greatest Distress : they immediately took Shipping in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know ; the one for *Corfica*,
the

the other for *Genoa*. They were both failed when a violent Storm arose which drove their Vessels upon a little Island in the *Mediterranean*. MARINI's Ship landed first, where, whilst the rest of the Crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable Widower, as he thought himself, wandered with one Servant only into a little Wood that was near the Sea-shore to give a Loose to his immoderate Grief. Soon after the *Genoese* Ship landed too, and the same Motive led MONIMIA with one of her Maids to the Wood where her Husband was, lamenting his unfortunate Condition. They had not been there long before they heard each other's Complaint, and drew nearer mutually to see if there was any Wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the Astonishment of both, when they met in a little Path and saw each other! the immoderate Joy was such, and the Transition from one Extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the Power they had was to fall into each other's Arms, where they expired in a few Minutes after.

after. Their Bodies were conveyed to *Italy*, and were interred with all the Solemnity and Magnificence due to their Quality and eminent Virtues.

E S S A Y VIII.

On SOLITUDE and SOCIETY.

Αναχωρήσεις αυτοίς ζητήσιν, αγροικίας και αιγιαλός,
και ορη. — ἡ δαμὴ ησυχιωτέρου, ὥστε ἀπραγμο-
νέστερον ἀνθρώπος ἀναχωρεῖ, ἢ εἰς τὴν εαυτοῦ ψυχὴν.
M. ANT. lib. iv. cap. 3.

BOTH Sages and Fools are unanimous in their Admiration of Solitude, but each from different Motives. To the one it affords Scope to Contemplation, to the other Shelter from Contempt. The Contented enjoy it, the Discontented seek it. The Guilty need it, the Innocent love it. To seek the Shades of Retirement in order to admire more at leisure the Works of the Creation, to grow thereby as it were familiar with the Conceptions of God, to harmonize the Mind to Moral Beauty, by frequently contemplating upon Natural, and to anticipate in some measure the Bliss of Heaven, upon Earth; is a Resolution worthy a Being, whose Soul is an Emanation of that eternal Source of Life

Life and Light that created all Things. But I'm afraid the general Affection for the Love of Solitude proceeds from different Causes; and that the Abode of the truly Good and Great, is too often made an Asylum for Pusillanimity, Avarice, and Ill-nature. Are there any disappointed in their worldly Views? they immediately fly hither, as the properest Place to conceal the Poorness of Mind, too little and base to bear up against Misfortunes. Is the Thirst of Gold the predominant Passion? Where can the Wretch find a more advantageous Situation, in which he could work his Mole-hills? Is the Mind distempered and dissonant to Society? 'Tis here the Rebel to his Maker chooses to growl at Heaven, and gratify the repining Anguish of his envious Soul, to behold it's benignant Dew cherishing the Earth. I can't say, whether I read the little Modern Essay-Writers upon this Subject, with more Anger or Contempt; one would imagine, from the Swarm of Political Scriblers, who blunder about what they have no Conception of, that the only Defence of Liberty and Happiness

sure in a forced Retaliation of Contempt. 'Tis from hence we hear so many Murmurs against present Times; 'tis from hence Retirement becomes the Den of Misery, which ought to be the Temple of Repose. Thus much has been said of the Abuse of Solitude, and from what Motives the unnatural Affection for an ill-placed Love of it proceeds. Let us now examine the other side of the Question, and consider wherein its Utility may truly consist, and who are the properest to enjoy it. That Solitude intrinsically in itself is neither good nor evil, but takes its Quality from the Disposition of it's Votaries, would be needless to prove. The Sage, who retires, not in a capricious Humour to detach himself from the World, but to contemplate for the Use of his Fellow-creatures; and the Moralist, who divests himself a-while of the common Cares of Life, to view his own Heart abstractedly, that he may be better qualified to act relatively afterwards, are the only Persons to whom the Shades of Retirement afford Pleasure or Instruction; to these

these they appear like the *Mubometian* Paradise, whose Groves are said to yield the Fruit of Knowledge and Peace; to others they become a *Pandæmonium*, and ten thousand ugly Shapes are continually haunting them. When the Philosopher enters this divine Region, his Soul, as if it had passed a Transmigration, glows with a new-born Vigour, or rather assumes the State described by PLATO in the *Phædon* when it leaves the Body. The Silence of a rural Scene, the not unpleasing Horror of the varied Light and Shade in the Woods, the Whispering of the Trees, and the unbounded Prospect of Heaven above, call up MEDITATION, as by a Charm, and all her Train of Intellectual Attendants. Behold SHE comes, awfully moving to his pausing Eye! See! INDOLENCE and all her Court of selfish VICES recede from her Presence! VIRTUE precedes her, BEAUTY and TRUTH attend on each Side, and the laurelled Sisterhood of ART and SCIENCE immediately follow. In her Hand she bears the faithful Record of all Ages, and pre-

sents to her View Examples of whatever Wisdom, Valour, and Benevolence inspired. Here he reads the Institutions of SOLON, there the Patriotism of CURTIUS, and there the glorious Death of SOCRA-
 TES; whilst Honour excites a Divine Emulation to imitate such Godlike Examples. These are the Comforts that Retirement affords the Good, and the Good alone! For Despair and Horror whisper in every Breeze to the Wicked, and even Silence itself becomes an ever-tormenting Companion. I shall conclude this Essay with a small Description of an ancient *Egyptian* Hieroglyphic on this Subject. There was the Picture of a Mirror upon the Walls of a Temple at MEMPHIS, in which several beautiful, and several deformed Figures were viewing themselves, which was called the Mirror of Solitude. The former seemed justly contented with their Appearances, but the latter had no sooner beheld their own Resemblance, than their Curiosity was instantly changed into the most violent Disgust to the faithful

E S S A Y VIII. 211

ful Instrument, that had given them,
what they never would have received
otherwise, a true Knowledge of them-
selves.

E S S A Y IX.

On CONTENTMENT. *A*FABLE.

I Am inclined to think that the Misfortunes, as they are termed, of Life, are not so often owing to the Want of Care, as the having too much, and being over-sollicitous to acquire, what Nature the great Substitute of Heaven would effect for us, if we would be contented to follow her Dictates. The Brutes, led on by that inward Impulse we call *Instinct*, never err in their Pursuit after what is good for them; but Man, enlightened by Reason, that particular Mark of Providence which distinguishes him from the rest of Beings, obstinately refuses to be conducted to Happiness, and travels towards Misery with Labour and Fatigue. It would be absurd to say a rational Creature would *voluntarily* chuse Misery, but we too frequently do it *blindly*. Every thing, as the Philosophical

cal Emperor observes, is Fancy ; but as that Fancy is in our own Power to govern, we are justly punished if we suffer it to wander at will ; or industriously set it to work to deceive us into Uneasiness. The most sure and speedy Way to detect any mental Imposture is by Soliloquy or Self-examination, in the Way laid down by our great Restorer of ancient Learning. If our Fancy stands the Test of this Mirror, which represents all Objects in their true Colours, 'tis genuine, and may be accepted by the Mind with Safety ; but if it recedes from the Trial, or changes in the Attempt, 'tis spurious, and ought to be rejected. This will inform us that the great Mistake of Mankind in the Pursuit after Happiness, is casting their Looks at a Distance for Lands of Paradise, whilst the Prospect, so much sought after, blooms unbeheld around them.

At *Ispahan* in *Perſia*, there lived a young Man of a noble Family and great Fortune named ACHMET, who from his Infancy shewed the earliest Signs of a restless and turbulent Spirit ; and tho' by Nature endowed with an Understanding superior

superior to any of his Age, was led away with every Gust of Passion to precipitate himself into the greatest Dangers. After having a little experienced the Misfortunes that accrue from such a Disposition, he became somewhat more diffident of his own Abilities, and determined to take the Advice of those who had been most conversant with Human Nature, how to proceed for the Future. There dwelt not far from the City, in a little Cell among a Ridge of Mountains, an old Hermit, who many Years before had retired from the World to that Place to spend the rest of his Days in Prayer and Contemplation. This good Man became so famous thro' the Country for his Wisdom and exemplary Life, that if any one had any Uneasiness of Mind, he immediately went to ABUDAH (for so he was called) and never failed of receiving Consolation, in the deepest Affliction, from his prudent Counsel; which made the Superstitious imagine, that there was a Charm in the Sound of his Words to drive away Despair and all her gloomy Attendants. Hither *Achmet* repaired, and as he was
entering

entering a Grove, near the Sage's Habitation, met according to his Wishes the venerable Recluse; he prostrated himself before him, and with Signs of the utmost Anguish, " Behold, said he, O divine
 " ABUDAH, Favourite of our mighty
 " Prophet, who resemblest ALLHA by
 " distributing the Balm of Comfort to
 " the Distressed, behold the most miserable of Mortals"—He was going on, when the old Man, deeply affected with his Lamentations, interrupted him, and taking him by the Hand, " Rise, my
 " Son, said he, let me know the Cause
 " of thy Misfortunes; and whatever is in
 " my Power shall be done to restore thee
 " to Tranquillity." Alas! replied ACHMET, how can I be restored to that
 " which I never yet possessed! for know,
 " thou enlightened Guide of the Faithful, I never have spent an easy Moment that I can remember, since Reason first dawned upon my Mind. Hitherto, even from my Cradle, a thousand Fancies have attended me through
 " Life, and are continually, under the false
 " Appearances of Happiness, deceiving me
 " into

“ into Anxiety, whilst others are enjoy-
 “ ing the most undisturbed Repose. Tell
 “ me then, I conjure thee by the holy
 “ Temple of MECCA, from whence thy
 “ Prayers have been so often carried to
 “ *Mahomet* by the Ministers of *Paradise*,
 “ by what Method I may arrive, if not
 “ at the Sacred Tranquillity thou en-
 “ joyest, yet at the Harbour of such
 “ earthly Peace as the holy *Koran* has
 “ promised to all those that obey it’s ec-
 “ lestial Precepts; for sure the Damned,
 “ who remove alternately from the dif-
 “ ferent Extremes of chilling Frosts and
 “ and scorching Flames, cannot suffer
 “ greater Torments than I undergo at
 “ present.” ABUDA perceiving that a
 discontented Mind was the Source alone
 of the young Man’s Troubles, “ Be
 “ comforted, my Son, *said he*, for a
 “ Time shall come, by the Will of
 “ Heaven, when thou shalt receive the
 “ Reward of a true Believer, and be
 “ freed from all thy Misfortunes; but
 “ thou must still undergo many more,
 “ before thou can’st be numbered with
 “ the truly Happy. Thou enquirest of
 “ me

“ me where Happiness dwells. Look
 “ round the World, and see in how
 “ many different Scenes she has taken up
 “ her Residence; sometimes, though very
 “ rarely, in a Palace, often in a Cottage;
 “ the Philosopher’s Cave of Retirement,
 “ and the Soldier’s Tent amid the Noise
 “ and Dangers of War, are by Turns
 “ her Habitation; the rich Man may
 “ see her in his Treasure, or the Beggar
 “ in his Wallet. In all these Stations she
 “ is to be found, but in none altogether.
 “ Go then and seek thy Fortune among
 “ the various Scenes of the World, and
 “ if thou should’st prove unsuccessful in
 “ this probationary Expedition, return
 “ to me when seven Years are expired,
 “ when the Passions of Youth begin to
 “ subside, and I will instruct thee by a
 “ religious Emblem, which our great
 “ Prophet shewed me in a Dream, how
 “ to obtain the End of all thy Wishes.”

ACHMET, not understanding ABUDAH’s
 Meaning, left him as discontented as he
 came, and returned to *Isfahan* with a full
 Resolution of gratifying every Inclination

Q

of

of Pleasure or Ambition, imagining one of these must be the Road to Felicity. Accordingly he gave up his first Years entirely to those Enjoyments which enervate both Mind and Body; but finding at length no real Satisfaction in the Possession of these, but rather Diseases and Disappointments; he changed his Course of Life, and followed the Dictates of Avarice, that was continually offering to his Eyes external Happiness seated on a Throne of Gold. His Endeavours succeeded, and by the Assistance of Fortune he became the richest Subject of the East. Still something was wanting. Power and Honour presented themselves to his View, and wholly engaged his Attention. These Desires did not remain long unsatisfied, for by the favour of the *Sophy* he was advanced to the highest Dignities of the *Persian* Empire. But alas! he was still never the nearer to the primary Object of his most ardent Wishes! Fears, Doubts, and a Thousand different Anxieties that attend the Great, perpetually haunted him, and made him seek again
the

the calm Retirement of a rural Life. Nor was the latter productive of any more Comfort than the former Stations. In short, being disappointed, and finding Happiness in no one Condition, he sought the Hermit a second Time, to complain of his Fate, and claim the Promise he had received before the Beginning of his Adventures. ABUDAH seeing his Disciple return again after the stated Time, still discontented, took him by the Hand, and smiling upon him with an Air of gentle Reproof, "ACHMET, said he, " cease to blame the Fates for the Uneasiness which arises alone from thy own Breast; behold, since thou hast performed the Task I enjoined in order to make thee more capable of following my future Instructions, I will unfold to thee the grand Mystery of Wisdom, by which she leads her Votaries to Happiness. See (said he, pointing to a River in which several young Swans were eagerly swimming after their own Shadows in the Stream) those silly Birds imitate Mankind; they
 " are

“ are in Pursuit of that which their
“ own Motion puts to flight; behold
“ others that have tired themselves with
“ their unnecessary Labour, and sitting
“ still, are in Possession of what their utmost
“ Endeavours could never have accom-
“ plished. Thus, my Son, Happiness is
“ the Shadow of Contentment, and rests,
“ or moves for ever with it's Original.

F I N I S.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
A
POEM.

The FIFTH EDITION.

THE JOURNAL

OF THE

MEDICAL

SOCIETY OF THE

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

A
P O E M.

In THREE BOOKS.

By Dr. ^{Mark} AKENSIDE.



L O N D O N :
Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-mall.
MDCC LIV.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of course led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; especially poetry, which making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet as their primary intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the different pleasures which they excite, are term'd, in general, PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION..

The Design of the following poem is to give a view of these, in the largest acceptation of the term; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here establish'd and explain'd.

*In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the Imagination from our
other*

other faculties; and in the next place to characterize those original forms or properties of being about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure, and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a similar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the imagination, insomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discover'd to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which as it is supreme in the noblest works of human genius, so being in some particulars not

a little surprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that which arises from ridicule, came next to be consider'd. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is deriv'd. Here too a change of stile became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject: nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock-heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of profess'd satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remain'd but to illustrate some particular
particular

particular pleasures which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early association of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mention'd here and its effects describ'd. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and of the secondary pleasure, as it is call'd, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that antient and simple one of the first Græcian poets, as it is refin'd by Virgil in the Georgics,

Georgics, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of stile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure form'd to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seem'd rather to demand a more open, pathetic and figur'd stile. This too appear'd more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. 'Tis on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point

point of view with the meer external objects of good taste ; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be look'd upon as not quite direct to the subject ; but since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.





THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK the FIRST.

ARGUMENT of the FIRST BOOK.

THE subject propos'd; verse 1, to 30. Difficulty of treating it poetically; v. 45. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination; v. 56, to 78. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause; to v. 96. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords; v. 100, to 132. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects; v. 145. The pleasure from greatness with its final cause; v. 151, to 221. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause; v. 222, to 270. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause; v. 275, to 372. The connection of beauty with truth, and good, applied to the conduct of life; v. 384. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy; to v. 428. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects; v. 448. Colour; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind; v. 445, to 475. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind; v. 497, to 526. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty; v. 557. Conclusion.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
BOOK the FIRST.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle Pow'rs

Or

OF MUSICAL DELIGHT ! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
 Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
 Indulgent FANCY ! from the fruitful banks 10
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
 Fresh flow'rs and dew to sprinkle on the turf
 Where *Shakespeare* lies, be present : and with thee
 Let FICTION come, upon her vagrant wings
 Wafting ten thousand colours thro' the air, 15
 Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
 She blends and shifts at will thro' countless forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal HARMONY ! descend, 20
 And join this festive train ? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic TRUTH ; and where TRUTH deigns to come,
 Her sister LIBERTY will not be far.
 Be present all ye GENII who conduct 25
 The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades : who touch his ear
 With finer sounds ; who heighten to his eye

The

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 17

The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things. 30

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd ; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, tho' importing most
A poet's name : for fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil 35
Obscure, to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar 40
High as the summit : there to breathe at large
Ætherial air ; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flatt'ring scenes
To this neglected labour court my song ;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task 45
To paint the features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,

B

Thro'

18 The P L E A S U R E S

Thro' secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50
 The fair poetic region, to detect
 Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
 And shade my temples with unfading flow'rs
 Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
 Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. 55

From heav'n my strains begin; from heav'n descends
 The flame of genius to the human breast,
 And love and beauty, and poetic joy
 And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
 Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60
 The moon suspended her serener lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
 Then liv'd th' almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms, 65
 The forms eternal of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe,
 And wisdom's mien cœlestial. From the first
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
 His

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 19

His admiration : till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame, 74
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;
Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims 80
Of social life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man ; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent byass, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n : to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand

She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind 95
 In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
 Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100
 The transcript of himself. On every part
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd 105
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 The mind supreme. *They* also feel her charms,
 Enamour'd; *they* partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
 By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch 110
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 Consenting, sounded thro' the warbling air
 Unbidden

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 21

Unbidden strains ; even so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind : 115
So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive 120
They catch the spreading rays : till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without,
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment : fancy dreams 125
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss : the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And smiles : the passions gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130
Alone are waking ; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of nature warms, O ! listen to my song : 135

And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms 140
 With love and admiration thus inflame
 The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses; the *sublime*, 145
 The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn;
 To lead the train of Phoebus and the spring. 150

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd

Thro'

Say, *why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the sublimest authors of Greece, *Those god-like geniuses*, says *Longinus*, *were well-assured, that nature had not intended*

Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With-thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
 But that th' Omnipotent might fend him forth 155
 In fight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast; 160
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,

intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surround us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destin'd. Thus by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and much more than all, the Ocean, &c. Dianyſ. Longin. de Sublim. §. xxxiv.

24 The P L E A S U R E S

And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unfalt'ring, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165
 Th'applauding smile of heav'n? Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to embrace 170
 Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175
 Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
 Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave 179
 Thro'mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
 And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
 Disdains

Book I. of IMAGINATION. 25

Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth 185
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
 Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
 Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and hovering round the sun 191
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond

*[Th' empyreal waste.] Ne se peut-il point qu'il y a un grand
 espace au-delà de la région des étoiles? Que ce soit le ciel émyré,
 ou*

Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode ;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years, 205
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates th' eternal depth below ;
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep 209
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up.
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
 Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap,

ou non, toujours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette region, pourra être rempli de bonheur & de gloire. Il pourra être conçu comme l'océan, où se rendent les fleuves de toutes les creatures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le système des étoiles. Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. i. §. 19.

Whose unfading light, &c.] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

The

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 27

The soul should find enjoyment : but from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear, 226
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
 Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
 The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth
 Of nature to perfection half divine, 225
 Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then
 Should sloth's unkindly fogs deprefs to earth
 Her tender blossom ; choak the streams of life,
 And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
 Almighty wisdom ; nature's happy cares 230
 Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
 To brisker measures : witness the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld 235
 With

— the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that in consequence

28 The PLEASURES

With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal

Of

sequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is oppos'd to this observation ; for *there*, objects at first distasteful are in time render'd intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that ~~when~~ objects at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *passive*, and the perception *involuntary* ; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it ; so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's *conscious* determination of its own activity ; and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when ~~there~~ is no room for the mind to *resolve* or *act* at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for, one of these ways.

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness : this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar : and the mind finding it at last intirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compar'd with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceiv'd of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconcil'd to what it had look'd on with aversion. In which case, a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads
it

Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of heav'n,
 In every breast implanting this desire
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
 In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words

it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, tho' the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remember'd without those pleasing circumstances attending it; by which means the disagreeable impression which it at first occasion'd will in time be quite obliterated.

——— *this desire*

[Of objects new and strange——] These two ideas are oft confounded; tho' it is evident the meer *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature: on this account it is natural to treat of them together.

To

30 The P L E A S U R E S

To paint its pow'r? For this, the daring youth 245
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
 The mazes of some wise and wondrous tale,
 From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night 255
 The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhimes,
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
 Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
 The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed. 265
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil

Gazing

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 31

Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shiv'ring sighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all arrest they hang, 369
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where BEAUTY onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise; O form divine, 274
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, BEAUTY, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious number, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heav'n! 280
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With

With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic isles,
And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume, 295
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age 300
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Show'r'd blossoms, odours, show'r'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store 305
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess

Where

Book I. of IMAGINATION. 33

Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310
 Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
 For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
 Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn; 315
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck,
 The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip
 Where winning smiles and pleasure sweet as love, 320
 With sanctity and wisdom, temp'ring blend
 Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
 Of nature, and her kind parental care,
 Worthier I'd sing: then all th' enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin to my lyre 325
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high
 Where beauty's living image, like the morn
 That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd, 330

34. The PLEASURES

Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Tribons tune their vocal shells,
 And each coërulean sister of the flood
 With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
 To seek th' Italian bow'r. Ye smiling band 335
 Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze
 Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
 This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
 I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
 Of superstition-drest in wisdom's garb,
 To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
 To bid the jealous thunder-fire the heav'ns,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345
 To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
 With better omens calls you to the field,
 Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chace,
 And warm like you: Then tell me, for ye know,
 Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
 And active use are strangers? Is her charm

Confess'd

Book I. of IMAGINATION. 35

Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native pow'rs most perfect, she by this
Blazes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The gen'rous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract 365
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame, 370
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heav'n,
The lovely minists of truth and good

In this dark world : for truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
 With

———Truth and good are one,

*And beauty dwells in them, &c.] Do you imagine, says Socrates to Aristippus, that what is good is not also beautiful? Have you not observed that these appearances always coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we call it good, is ever acknowledg'd to be beautiful also. In the characters of men we always * join the two denominations together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with that economy of parts which constitutes them good; and in every circumstance of life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was design'd. Xenophon. memorab. Socrat. l. 3. c. 8.*

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy; see the *Characteristicks*, vol. 2. p. 339 & 422. & vol. 3. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue, Treat. 1. §. 8.* As to the connection between beauty and truth, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which *all rational beings must alike perceive beauty*

* This the Athenians did in a peculiar manner by the word καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθόν & καλὸν καὶ ἀγαθία.

With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tye?

beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary. And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are who believe *beauty* to be meerly a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without staying to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, should perceive, one of them *beauty*, and the other *deformity*, in the same proportions. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. *Polycletus*, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modell'd according to this canon: A man of meer natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its *beauty*; whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be *just and true*.

38 The P L E A S U R E S

O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
 Seek ye those flow'ry joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flatt'ring scene 389
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
 Lo! beauty withers in your void imbrace, 385
 And, with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
 To learn the lore of undeceitful good, 390
 And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet
 Of servile numbers, thro' a dreary way
 To their abode, thro' defarts, thorns and mire;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395
 To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
 To walk with spectres thro' the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song

Attune

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 39

Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of PLATO's olive with the Mantuan bay, 405
Then should my pow'rful voice at once dispell
Those monkish horrors : then in light divine
Disclose th' Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, thro' blooming walks,
Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd science and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to th' eternal shrine,
Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins, 415
The undivided part'ners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let not us a moment pause to join 420
That godlike band. And if the gracious pow'r
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song;

40 The P L E A S U R E S

Will to my invocation breathe anew
 The tuneful spirit; then thro' all our paths,
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
 And wake the strong divinity of soul
 That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
 For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
 Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise; 435
 To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
 And bless heav'n's image in the heart of man,

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
 Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
 Thro' various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,

From

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 41

From their first twilight, shining forth at length 445
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape, 450
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurements ; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455
And painted shells indent their speckled wreaths.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of nature has infused
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460
In fruit and seed prolific : thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the spring resume ;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent 465
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's

Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
 And active motion speaks the temper'd soul :
 So moves the bird of Juno ; so the steed 470
 With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind : 475
 By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
 To that eternal origin, whose pow'r,
 Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
 MIND, MIND alone, bear witness, earth and heav'n!
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the Graces ; here inthron'd,
 Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs, 485
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense ;
 And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene 490
 With

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 43

With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Resplendent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots ; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove 495
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail !
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ? — Is aught so fair 500
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ? 505
 The graceful tear that streams from other's woes ?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate ; where honour's liberal hands effuse

*As when Brutus rose, &c.] Cicero himself describes this fact—
 Cæsare interfecto — statim cruentum alid extollens M. Brutus
 pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam
 libertatem esse gratulatus. Cic. Philipp. 2. 12.*

Unenvy'd

44. The P L E A S U R E S

Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings 510
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms 515
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
 Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
 Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heav'ns created: then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
 Not so the moral species, nor the pow'rs

Of

Book I. of IMAGINATION. 45

Of genius and design; th' ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
She bends her nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame 540
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant fire, 545
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake

The

Where virtue rising from the awful depth

*Of truth's mysterious bosom, &c.] According to the opinion
of those who assert moral obligation to be founded on an immu-
table and universal law, and that which is usually call'd the
moral*

46 The PLEASURES

The unadorn'd condition of her birth; 550
 And drefs'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 Th' ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires 555
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder: while among
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form 560
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour, or in act serene,
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
 Of publick pow'r, from dark ambition's reach 565
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths

moral sense, to be determin'd by the peculiar temper of the
 imagination and the earliest associations of ideas.

Of

BOOK I. of IMAGINATION. 47

Of nature and of science ; nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires 570
 O ! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
 That sooths this vernal evening into smiles, 575
 I steal impatient from the fordid haunts
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ; 580
 Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne ;
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear 585
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth 589
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
 Thro'

48 The PLEASURES, &c.

Thro' fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
 In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store, 595
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime : while far above the flight
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient wisdom ; while I join, 600
 Thy name, thrice honour'd ! with th' immortal praise
 Of nature ; while to my compatriot youth
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Lycéum.] The school of *Aristotle*.

Academus.] The school of *Plato*.

Ilissus.] One of the rivers on which *Athens* was situated.
Plato, in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation with *Socrates* on its banks.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
BOOK the SECOND.

D

ARGUMENT of the SECOND BOOK.

THE separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns; to verse 41. Prospect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty; to v. 61. Enumeration of accidental pleasures which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense; v. 73. Particular circumstances of the mind; v. 84. Discovery of truth; v. 97. Perception of contrivance and design; v. 121. Emotions of the passions; v. 136. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation, with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror and indignation; from v. 155 to the end.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.
BOOK the SECOND.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string
 Resume their honours? When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand
 Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
 How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth 5
 Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
 Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
 Beneath the furies of rapacious force;

Oft at the gloomy north, with iron-swarms
 Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10
 Blasted th' Italian shore, and swept the works
 Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph
 Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
 In noon-tide darkness by the glimm'ring lamp,
 Each muse and each fair science pin'd away 15
 The fordid hours : while foul, barbarian hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
 At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
 And wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew, 20

At last the Muses rose, &c.] About the age of *Hugh Capet*, founder of the third race of *French* kings, the poets of *Provence* were in high reputation ; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic, ode, and satire, and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the *Saracen* wars. These were the rudiments of *Italian* poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times ; such as *Boiardo*, *Bernardo Tasso*, *Ariosto*, &c.

Their

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 53

Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclufa's bow'rs
 To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire ambition and gigantic pow'r,
 From public aims and from the busy walk 25
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating science to the cells,
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of

Valclufa.] The famous retreat of *Francisco Petrarcha*, the father of *Italian* poetry, and his mistress *Laura*, a lady of *Avignon*.

Arno.] The river which runs by *Florence*, the birth-place of *Dante* and *Boccaccio*.

Parthenope.] Or *Naples*, the birth place of *Sannazaro*. The great *Torquato Tasso* was born at *Servanto* in the kingdom of *Naples*.

————— the rage

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of *Italy*, and the abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the papal power, intirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all *Europe*.

Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself,

54 The P L E A S U R E S

Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
 To priestly domination and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant : and Torquato's tongue 35
 Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp : and Raphael's magic hand

to use the words of a noble philosopher, *being thus sever'd from the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world.* Infomuch that a gentleman, says another excellent writer, *cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form : so greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs!* From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in *England* within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the revolution, when *Locke* stood at the head of one party, and *Dryden* of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Effus'd

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 55

Effus'd its fair creation to inchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To bind belief, while on their prostrate necks 40
The fable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now behold! the radiant æra dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend 45
To all the kindred pow'rs of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Imbrace the smiling family of arts, 50
The Muses and the Graces. Then no more
Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths 55
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: th' harmonious Muse
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant

56 The P L E A S U R E S

Their fhelt'ring laurels o'er the bleak ascent, 60
 And fcatter flow'rs along the rugged way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
 To pierce divine philofophy's retreats,
 And teach the Mufe her lore; already ftrove
 Their long-divided honours to unite, 65
 While temp'ring this deep argument we fang
 Of truth and beauty. Now the fame talk
 Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We haften to recount the various fprings
 Of adventitious pleafure, which adjoin 70
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge
 The complicated joy. The fweets of fenfe,
 Do they not oft with fweet acceffion flow,
 To raife harmonious fancy's native charm? 75
 So while we tafte the fragrance of the rofe,
 Glows not her blufh the fairer? While we view
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
 Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirft
 Of fummer yielding the delicious draught 80
 Of cool refrefhment; o'er the moffy brink
Shines

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 57

Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?

Nor this alone ; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes 85
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye ; but how much more to his 90
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour *he* inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95
Chafing oppressive damps and languid pain !

Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame ?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth 100
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than

38 The PLEASURES

Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
 Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first 105
 The hand of science pointed out the path
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
 Fall on the watry cloud, whose darksome veil
 Involves the orient; and that trickling show'r
 Piercing thro' ev'ry crystalline convex 110
 Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
 Recoil at length where concave all behind
 Th' internal surface of each glassy orb
 Repells their forward passage into air;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal 115
 From which their course began; and, as they strike
 In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
 Assume a different lustre, thro' the brede
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose
 To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Thro'

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 59

Thro' all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end? 125
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science thro' the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours : whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central pow'rs 130
That wheel their planets round their various year;
Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand. 135

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade? 140
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of

60 The P L E A S U R E S

Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
 Ev'n to the base ; from every naked sense. 145
 Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
 Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil
 Spun from the cobweb-fashion of the times
 To hide the feeling heart ? Then nature speaks
 Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150
 Big with the very motion of their souls,
 Declare with what accumulated force,
 Th' impetuous nerve of passion urges on
 The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more ; her honours where nor beauty claims,
 Nor shews of good the thirsty sense allure, 156
 From passion's pow'r alone our nature holds

Essential

From passion's pow'r alone, &c.] This very mysterious kind of pleasure which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. *Lucretius* resolves it into self-love.

Suave mari magno, &c. lib. II. 1.

As if a man was never pleas'd in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that tho' these fictitious personages

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 131

Effential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps th' elastic pow'rs 160
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew
 By that collision all the fine machine:
 Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
 Incumb'ring, choak at last what heav'n design'd
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil. 165
 —But say, does every passion thus to man
 Administer delight? That name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
 The radiant smiles of joy, th' applauding hand
 Of admiration: but the bitter show'r 170
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,

sonages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease
 and in safety. The ingenious author of the *reflexions critiques*
sur la poesie & la peinture, accounts for it by the general delight
 which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it
 feels of an indolent and inattentive state: And this, join'd with
 that moral approbation of its own temper, which attends these
 emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation
 of the pleasure, which as it is the origin and basis of tragedy
 and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

But

The P L E A S U R E S

But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen, while my tongue
Th' unalter'd will of heav'n with faithful awe 176
Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who hath weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whisp'ring voice, 180
O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stol'n unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When spotless youth to solitude resigns
To sweet philosophy the studious day,
What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190
Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 63

When starting full on fancy's gushing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd! 195
When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
As with the hand of death. At once the shade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarser murmur'd shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things 205
Appear'd before me; desarts, burning sands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south,
And defolation blasting all the west
With rapine and with murder: tyrant pow'r
Here sits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms 210
Of superstition there infect the skies,
And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heav'n!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
That

That propagated thus beyond their scope, 215
They rise to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient; when at once effus'd, 220
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Burst thro' the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating thro' the sky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide 225
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
And all the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in mystic signs ingrav'd, 235
I read

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 65

I read his office high and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240
Like distant thunders broke the murmur'ing air.

Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth,
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame?
Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou, alas! 245
Dost thou aspire to judge between the lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Against the sov'reign order he decreed
All good and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
Of tenderness innate and social love, 250
Holiest of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
From everlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
Of soft'ning sorrow, of indignant zeal 255

E

So

66 The P L E A S U R E S

So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
 The ties of nature broken from thy frame ;
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
 Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ? 260
 O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds !
 O man by nature form'd for all mankind !

He spoke ; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
 As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
 Before his presence, tho' my secret soul 265
 Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
 I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch
 He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
 My dazzled forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd,
 And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue. 270

I look'd, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd ;
 For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
 A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
 Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
 Of

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 67

Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd, 275
 With many a fable cliff and glitt'ring stream.
 Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
 The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling springs
 Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
 The crumbling soil; and still at every fall 280
 Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
 Remurm'ring rush'd the congregated floods
 With hoarser inundation; till at last
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap, 285
 And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
 In one smooth current, o'er the lili'd vale
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-incircling mound
 As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd 291
 That flow'ry level. On the river's brink
 I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295

Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 That chear'd the solemn scene. My list'ning pow'rs
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung, 300
 And wond'ring expectation. Then the voice
 Of that cœlestial pow'r, the mystic show
 Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is giv'n
 The gracious ways of providence to learn, 305
 Receive

Inhabitant of earth, &c.] The account of the œconomy of providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the *Pythagorean* school: but of the ancient philosophers, *Plato* has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on the head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, tho' somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning divine providence, *The being who presides*

Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear —
 Know then, the sov'reign spirit of the world,
 Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The bounds of true felicity compleat; 310
 Yet

presides over the whole, says he, has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man, which tho' in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing, as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless; since according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole.—For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things and by what situation of each individual in the general system,

Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And founded thro' the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose 315
 These heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life

vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness with the greatest facility and in the highest degree possible: In this manner he order'd thro' the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and thro' what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of its existence. He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated into the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemish'd sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the most flagitious arts have risen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom you therefore look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intention of good to the whole. Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

Effusive

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 71

Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him each portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that from the wide complex 320
 Of coexistent orders, *one* might rise,
One order, all-involving and intire.
 He too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingence, all successive ties 325
 Of action propagated thro' the sum
 Of possible existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
 To every living soul of every kind 330
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good : with full accord
 Answ'ring the mighty model he had chos'n,

— *one might rise,*

One order, &c.] See the meditations of *Antoninus*, and the
 characteristicks, passim.

The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds 335
 That lay from everlasting in the store
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
 By *one* exertion of creating pow'r
 His goodness to reveal; thro' every age,
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time 340
 His parent-hand with ever-new increase
 Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 The vast harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds 345

The best and fairest, &c.] This opinion is so old, that Timæus Locrus calls the supreme being ἀμειψνός τις θεός, the artificer of that which is best; and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea; so that it yet remains, as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement. There can be no room for a caution here, to understand these expressions not of any particular circumstances of human life separately consider'd, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the Theodiceæ of Leibnitz.

For

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 73

For ever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
 From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends, 350
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main;
 So all things which have life aspire to God, 355
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 Center of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright; nor is the care of heav'n withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid; 360
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

As flame ascends, &c.] This opinion, tho' not held by *Plato* nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles. But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be enter'd upon here.

That

That rocky pile thou see'st, that verdant lawn
Fresh-water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
Paint in thy fancy the primæval seat 366
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair-diffus'd
Along the shady brink; in this recess
To wear th' appointed season of his youth, 370
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the fire omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cherish; nor withheld 375
Cœlestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He sent whom most he lov'd, the sov'reign fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold; 380
The goddess from whose inspiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whose work divine, in heav'n or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
Nor

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 75

Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the fire 385
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded pow'rs to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her side 391
With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,
The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men 395
And pow'rs immortal. See the shining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd,
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flow'ry turf there stood
Between two radiant forms a smiling youth 400
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flow'r
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young simplicity, With fond regard

Ho

He view'd th' associates, as their steps they mov'd;
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd, 406
 With mild regret invoking her return.
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
 O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd; 410
 And smiles eternal, from her candid eyes,
 Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
 The spring of heav'n had shed its blushing spoils
 To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd 415
 Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
 And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
 Rich with immortal fruits, of pow'r to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the bright'ning eyes
 To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
 The heav'nly part'ner mov'd. The prime of age
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
 High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,
 From each majestic motion darted awe,
 Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks, 425

Bene-

Book II. of IMAGINATION. 77

Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sunshine streams thro' vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
Th' immortal pair forsook th' enamell'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light 435
Gleam'd round their path; cœlestial sounds were heard,
And thro' the fragrant air æthereal dews
Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice, 445
As watry murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
With sacred invocation thus began.

Father

Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heav'ns,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd 450
I seek to finish thy divine decree.
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame; 455
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From earth's dim scene to these æthereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid, 460
Th' associate thou hast giv'n me, her alone
He loves, O father! absent, her he craves;
And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil, 465
I deem uncertain; and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 79

She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
 O thou! in whom for ever I delight, 470
 Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heav'n,
 Best image of thy author! far from thee
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
 Who soon or late shalt every work fulfil,
 And no resistance find. If man refuse 475
 To hearken to thy dictates; or allur'd
 By meaner joys, to any other pow'r
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
 That pow'r in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
 Go then once more, and happy be thy toil;
 Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!
 With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
 The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
 Of sacred order's violated laws. 486
 See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
 Controul his cruel frenzy, and protect 490

Thy

80 The P L E A S U R E S

Thy tender charge ; that when despair shall grasp
 His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
 Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
 Alone sufficient in that hour of ill,
 To save his feeble spirit ; then confess 495
 Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !
 When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 Of this avenging dæmon, all the storms
 Of night infernal, serve but to display
 The energy of thy superior charms 500
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
 Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire 505
 Shelt'ring my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
 A vast gigantic spectre striding on
 Thro' murm'ring thunders and a waste of clouds,
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs 510
 With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,

As

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 81

As thro' convulsive anguish ; and his hand
 Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
 In madness to his bosom ; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook 515
 The void with horror. Silent by his side
 The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
 Her features. From the glooms which hung around,
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
 Upon the river-bank ; and now to hail
 His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn 525
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
 And thinks he tears him : so with tenfold rage, 530
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
 Amaz'd the stripling stood : with panting breast

F

Feebly

82 The P L E A S U R E S

Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535
 His terror, and with looks of tend'rest care
 Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
 Her awful pow'r. His keen, tempestuous arm
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
 Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd 540
 With fullen rancour. Lo! the sov'reign maid
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
 Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek;
 Then grasps his hand, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite 545
 Of yon tormentor thus apall thy heart,
 While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
 To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
 Remember, what the will of heav'n ordains
 Is ever good for all; and if for all, 550
 Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
 And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
 Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft mislead

By

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 83

By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reason wander thro' a fatal road, 555
Far from their native aim: as if to lye
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
This pleasing error did it never lull 560
Thy wishes? Has thy constant heart refus'd
The silken fetters of delicious ease?
Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
Hang far below that measure of thy fate, 565
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counsels, turn away
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
Know then, for this the everlasting fire
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
O wife and still benevolent! ordains
This horrid visage hither to pursue
My steps; that so thy nature may discern
Its real good, and what alone can save
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill 575

84 The P L E A S U R E S

From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd pow'rs; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
 Above the generous question of thy arm.
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat, then with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns 585
 To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 Th' immortal mind, superior to his fate,
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
 Refts on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
 Ye waves! ye thunders! rowl your tempest on;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene, 595
 Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
 And ever stronger as the storms advance,

Firm

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 85

Firm thro' the closing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess; while thro' all her frame
Cœlestial raptures flow'd, in every word, 601
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
As light'ning flies the aromatic shade
In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt 605
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd.

Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou hast chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid pow'rs to bear me boldly on, 615
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Thro' toil or peril: only do not thou

86 The P L E A S U R E S

Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,
 That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
 And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
 Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
 Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heav'n!
 O thou eternal arbiter of things!
 Be thy great bidding done: for who am I 625
 To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
 The chearful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling; I will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 His hateful presence: but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
 The rosy-featur'd maid; again to chear
 This lonely seat, and blest me with her smiles. 635

He spoke; when instant thro' the sable glooms
 With which that furious presence had involv'd
 The ambient air, a flood of radiance came

Swift

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. . 87

Swift as the light'ning flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on th' irriguous lawn,
And to her wond'ring audience thus began.

Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come 645
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle Echo from her cell
Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents; we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well-pleas'd on high 650
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: that thou, cœlestial maid!
How'er that grievly phantom on thy steps 655
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou descending to th' abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.

88 . . . The P L E A S U R E S

She ended ; and the whole romantic scene 660
 Immediate vanish'd : rocks, and woods, and rills,
 The mantling tent, and each mysterious form
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
 When sun-shine fills the bed. A while I stood
 Perplex'd and giddy ; till the radiant pow'r 665
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
 As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
 Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
 How blind, how impious ! There behold the ways
 Of heav'n's eternal destiny to man, 671
 For ever just, benevolent and wise :
 That VIRTUE's awful steps, howe'er pursued
 By vexing fortune and intrusive PAIN,
 Should never be divided from her chast, 675
 Her fair attendant, PLEASURE. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand

Of

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 89

Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws 685
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise 690
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture——Ask the croud
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below 695
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast 700
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam

Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock, 705
 Drops lifeless down : O dearest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears ?
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs 710
 To this their proper action and their end ?
 —Ask thy own heart ; when at the midnight hour,
 Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye
 Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs 715
 Of Græcian bards, and records writ by fame
 For Græcian heroes, where the present pow'r
 Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
 Ev'n as a father blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame ;
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
 When

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 91

When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown 725
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their fires
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian-pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule, 730
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735
And storied arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight pray'r;
When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base; 745
Till

92 The P L E A S U R E S

Till defolation o'er the grafs-grown freet
 Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
 Where fenates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
 Hiffes the gliding fnake thro' hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column; thus defac'd, 750
 Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
 Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow, 755
 Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
 Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
 The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou then exchange
 Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
 Of him who fits amid the gaudy herd 760
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
 And ſays within himſelf, " I am a king,
 " And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of woe

Philip.] The Macedonian.

" Intrude

BOOK II. of IMAGINATION. 93

“ Intrude upon mine ear?—The baleful dregs 765
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be th’ eternal ruler of the world!
Defil’d to such a depth of fordid shame
The native honours of the human soul, 770
Nor so effac’d the image of its fire.

End of the SECOND BOOK.



THE

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK the THIRD.

ARGUMENT of the THIRD BOOK.

*P*LEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd; v. 1, to 14. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil; v. 14, to 62. Inquiry into ridicule; v. 73. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated; v. 14, to 240. Final cause of the sense of ridicule; v. 263. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind; v. 282, to 311. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described; v. 358, to 414. The secondary pleasure from imitation; to v. 436. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connection of these pleasures with the objects which excite them; v. 458, to 514. The nature and conduct of taste; v. 515, to 567. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-form'd imagination.

THE

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK the THIRD.

WHAT wonder therefore, since th'indearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature thro' the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south

G

Hold

98 The P L E A S U R E S

Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
 Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10
 As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
 Of love invite ; nor only where th' applause
 Of cordial honour turns th' attentive eye
 On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
 Of things external acts in different ways 15
 On human apprehensions, as the hand
 Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 Peculiar minds ; so haply where the pow'rs
 Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

The

—where the pow'rs

Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyse the idea of certain degrees of decency, beauty and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature
 and.

Book III. of IMAGINATION. 99

The images of things, but paint in all 20
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,

Or

and the general good; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answer'd, that tho' no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclin'd to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclin'd to applaud examples of

